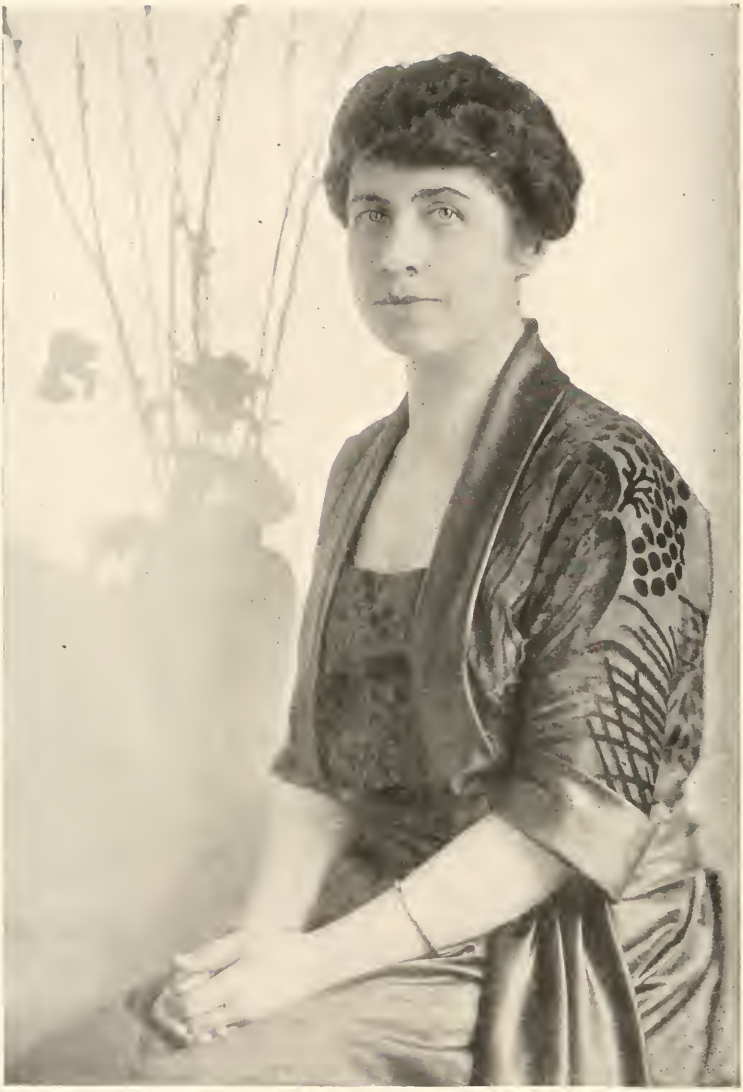
BOUDOIR MIRRORS OF WASHINGTON



MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE

BOUDOIR MIRRORS OF WASHINGTON

ANONYMOUS

With Sixteen Portraits

THE JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY
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I WONDER if I dare!

There is so much unrecorded history in Washington—inside history—so many unrelated facts; the social ascent, the political glissade, the reason WHY!

No, there isn't an ounce of malice in me. My soul oozes sweet sympathy, yes, and my claws are carefully manicured, but——

I wonder if I dare face the task! However, it will be great fun rummaging in the past, the near-past, and revealing the present; holding the Mirror to Facts—in their curling pins, and without powder on their noses.

Wasn't it George Eliot who said, "The happy woman, like the happy nation, is the one without a history"?

That's probably true; I don't know. But there's a lot of history that hasn't yet been published; it isn't all in books.

Take the Cabinet wives of this administration! Individually and collectively, you couldn't call them vivid personalities. They don't scintillate

and dazzle. No need to wear smoked glasses when you meet them. Not a bit! They were born, married, and came to Washington, because their husbands got Cabinet appointments. Most of them are now busy minding their own business. It's a useful, but not a spectacular, occupation.

Not one of them has been caught bootlegging and dope peddling, and there isn't a movie star in the bunch. They don't openly break the commandments or conventions, nor do they publicly advocate dress reform or birth control. They don't hunt cults or isms, coin new words, create new fashions, or go to the White House in bathing suits. To write a movie scenario about any one of them, would be like trying to give a dinner party off a caraway seed.

Yet haven't you noticed how interesting dull people can be—if they are only dull enough? I don't mean actually to suggest that the Cabinet wives are dull—and there is a lot of fun among the foolish. You can strike more stars from the rough edges of human nature than you can get from a meteor—if it's rough enough, and there's friction.

Sometimes people take themselves seriously, and it is quite a mistake. There is Mrs. Francis

Parkinson Keyes, writer and busy Senator's wife. She suffers from a serious personal dignity, and sense of importance. She doesn't get half as much fun out of life as Mrs. Poindexter. Yes, the one who has been indiscreet, and has been rewarded by a diplomatic post. Mrs. Poindexter never went to a party that she didn't come home chuckling over something that somebody had done—something wrong, of course.

"And what did you do?" I asked her one day.

"Heaven knows!" she answered. "But I hope they got as much fun out of me as I got out of them."

A man goes down in history for the greatness of his courage in war, or prowess in politics. But when a woman keeps fifty hungry people from eating the decorations while the honor guest is found, sobered, and dressed for the dinner she wears no laurels for that achievement.

While a man is pounding on the entrance door to the Inner Circle, his wife is quietly oiling the social key, which will gain admittance more surely. I'll tell you about that key, later on.

The parry and thrust on the Senate floor is reported in the press, but there is less blood spilt here than in the flight of javelins across the tea

tables. But this does not make a headliner—not yet. Just wait!

I have lived in the Capital so long, and have seen the rise and fall of so many administrations—and people—that looking back is like exploring an attic.

I remember so many women when they first paddled on the outer edge of the social puddle. Now they can float alone—without even wings. The stumbling newcomer who tripped over traditions now considers herself the social arbiter. I particularly remember one Senator's wife; she learned the road by bitter experience. Well, she ought to know it. Now, she seems to have acquired a sort of plush finish.

When I see Alice Roosevelt Longworth come into the Senate gallery, and fling aside her hat, I always seem to recall the day she stood on her head to convince a woman that exercise was the best cure for lumbago.

Do you remember the social launching of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson Number Two? Did you ever see behind the smoke screen which always protects the First Lady of the Land?

But if I let my pen run riot now, I shall get most terribly mixed up. I think I will take them

one by one, or in groups, the official, diplomatic, and social people, who have hit the high spots in private, as well as in public. I am claiming this as a privileged occasion, and if sometimes I turn my Mirror suddenly and catch people unexpectedly in their mental negligee, well—I will leave the verdict to you.

ALICE ROOSEVELT LONGWORTH

TAKE Alice Longworth—she's a singular character, that's what she is—singular. There was a time when she was considered wild, unconventional, daring. Perhaps she was. Yet I would rather call her singular.

As a child she was singularly shy. You would scarcely believe that, but she was. As a girl she was singularly impulsive. No one doubts that. As a woman she is still singular; she retains her individuality, those forceful characteristics inherited from her father, which set her a little apart.

Few women in America, outside the active workers in some public cause, have focused public interest to such an extent as Alice. The reflections of her Boudoir Mirror show—but you shall see them for yourself in a moment.

Poseur? Certainly not. What she does, unconventional though it may be, is not inspired by a desire to shock, so much as an expression of self-determination, a vigorous protest against irksome customs and restrictions. Her attitude is one of supreme indifference to public opinion.

Other people may model their modes and manners according to established precedents, but Alice Longworth will leap the social barrier with the same agility with which she performs athletic stunts, such as standing on her head. I must tell you about that.

One day a woman sat miserably talking about her health. She detailed her symptoms and their reactions, her sufferings and the heroic martyrdom which never permitted her pain to dim the happiness of her home. You know the sort of woman!

"Have you ever tried standing on your head?" asked Alice, leaning forward and betraying a sudden interest.

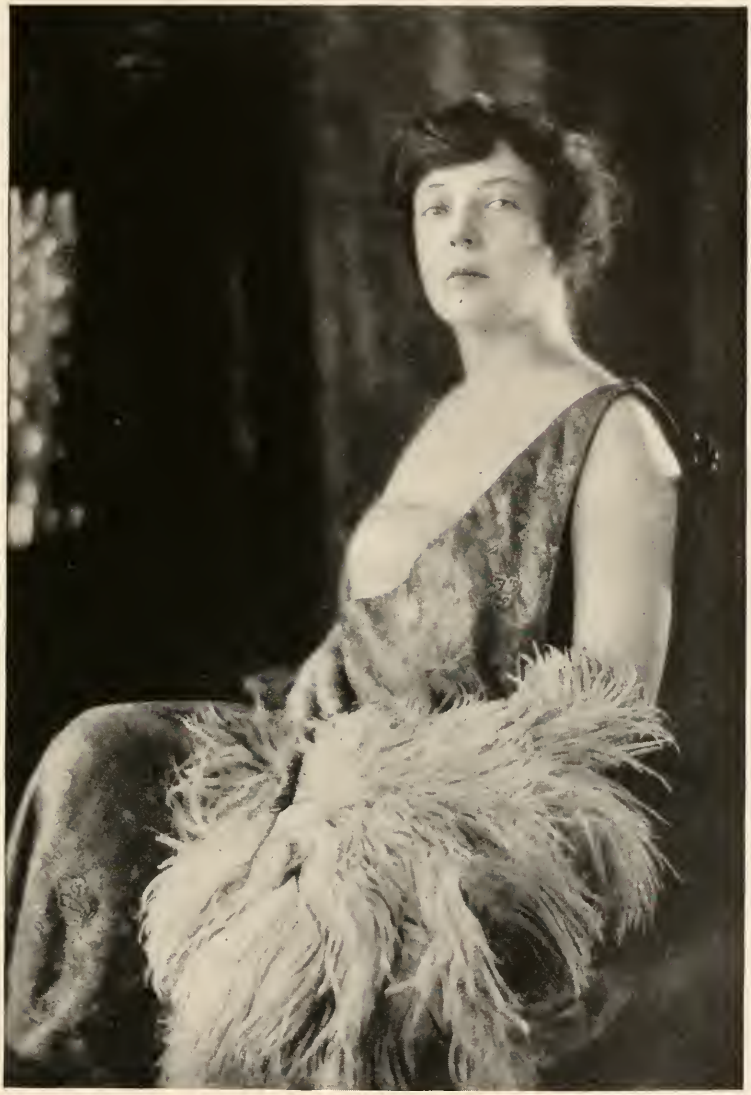
The woman looked at her for a moment, uncertain whether or not to take offense. But there was not a flicker of a smile on that Roosevelt face.

"It acts like a charm," she said. "Here, lend me a safety pin."

She secured the hem of her skirt between her knees, and taking a cushion, placed it on the floor.

The hypochondriac watched with bewildered interest.

Alice Longworth put her head on the cushion, and shot her legs aloft, where she remained poised perfectly. Standing on her head, and kicking at



MRS. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH

the chandeliers was a sort of daily exercise with her.

The woman gasped, and looked at the faces of the other guests. Oh, yes, there were quite a number present. They all knew Alice, and being deeply rooted in respectable orthodoxy, they envied the woman her daring, because she could do it and get away with it. No other woman in that room could have stood on her head and retained such perfect equilibrium of body or composure of mind.

"There, you try that every day, and you won't have lumbago or heart trouble," and she stood erect, returned the safety pin, and resumed her seat with leisurely ease.

All the world knows, of course, that Alice was one of the pioneers in smoking, and left a trail of ashes and smoldering disgust through conservative circles. The disapproval of the dames was to her like the ash, and she flicked it aside as meriting no more consideration. She was not deliberately rude, but rather delighted in the shocked look of her elders. She came and went like a merry flash, and skated skillfully over very thin ice. Alice Roosevelt had many of the privileges of a princess, without any of the restrictions.

One night Mrs. Leither gave a party. It was a large and gorgeous affair, with diplomats and officials and titles there. Oh, this was some years ago, before the turkey trot and cigarettes had been accepted in the Best Society.

Few women were smoking then, and those who did, kept it dark. Madame Riano had acquired the art in Spain. She had been over with the ambassador, and had fallen into line with her adopted countrywomen.

In the middle of Mrs. Leither's ball, Alice Longworth took it into her head to give an exhibition of the new dance, the turkey trot. But to add zest to the performance, she lit a cigarette first, and smoked while she danced.

She sailed down the middle of the room, puffing little jets of smoke at the ceiling, to the horror of the women. I forget who the man was who danced with her that night.

As one woman said, "Alice looked like a steam engine coming down a crimped track."

Society was shocked; unusually shocked. Even the press was shocked. Such behavior at a private ball! Not alone Washington papers beat the air in protest, but New York made this notorious young woman a headliner, and the episode was

related in full, as a horrible example of modernism run riot.

"Now isn't that the cutest story you ever heard?" Alice said, laughing, when she read the shocking details of her conduct, tucked, frilled, and flounced, and set forth for the public.

Defying Convention

I suppose most of you remember Count Cassini, who was Russian Ambassador during the Roosevelt régime. He appeared in Washington accompanied by a young and beautiful lady, known as "The Countess Cassini".

It soon became known that she wasn't a countess—that she wasn't any sort of Cassini. Old Washington, sedate, mid-Victorian Washington, put up its lorgnette and then dropped it. The alleged Countess became invisible to the naked eye. There was merely a hole in the air where she stood—nothing more.

Official Washington looked at each other behind its feather fans, and said:

"Well, really, my dear— But one must draw the line somewhere!"

So they drew it at the Countess.

The Countess, however, made a singular appeal

to Alice Roosevelt. She's that sort. If she likes people, she doesn't ask for their birth certificate and demand their marriage lines.

Perhaps it was the adventurous spirit, the quest for big game, the sense of danger, but whatever the bond, the Countess Cassini and the Princess Alice became inseparable companions. "Princess Alice" was a familiar press title for the White House daughter during her father's régime. It wasn't her regal bearing, however, which induced reporters so to designate her, but rather her royal indifference.

What did these two do? Hus-s-s-sh! What didn't they do? you might ask.

Hurdle racing was one popular pastime. After dinner they would arrange the ottoman, chairs, and other suitable furniture at intervals round the room, and have a hurdle race.

If you backed Alice, you always backed a favorite, for she generally came in the winner. She didn't let skirts impede her progress by hanging down too long. A hitch or two, and away she went. Oh, they were gay times at the old Russian Embassy in those days! There is no doubt that Alice had a high old time, and if she missed anything, it was because she hadn't heard of it.

The Russian Ambassador finally rushed back to Russia, and returned with the announcement that his fair companion had been adopted. Yes, adopted. Washington matrons didn't even blush watermelon pink, for some of them, even then, were well, er—nearly sophisticated.

But in those pre-war days, trial marriages hadn't been invented (though to my mind all marriages are more or less of a trial), and the Russian afterthought didn't mend matters. Washington still refused to accept the Countess, though it didn't fail to see the fair Alice at her side, and to say—well, more than its prayers. But Alice, of course, was always socially acceptable.

Some of us here remember, not long after, that one of the Sunday papers carried a highly flavored, largely illustrated story of the hapless Countess, who, it seems, is now living in retirement somewhere in Italy, earning a precarious living by taking in plain sewing—or does she go out by the day? Now, if she had come to Washington, Alice might have been able to divert considerable custom her way.

Not that clothes loom largely on her horizon. Neither as Alice Roosevelt, nor as Mrs. Longworth, has she been absorbed in dress.

The Hatless Woman in the Senate Gallery

Any day you may see Alice Longworth come into the Senate. In winter a heavy beaver coat envelops a figure still slim and graceful. Her hat, no matter how becoming, is flung instantly aside, and shows her hair growing rather prettily around her forehead, and knotted at the back. It is the same in the few private homes where she visits. Off comes her hat the minute she is inside the door. She hasn't much hair, but it is pretty, and there is scarcely a gray streak in it.

Alice has big, dreamy eyes; at least they look dreamy until her interest is roused. Then they light up with vivid intelligence. Her skin is smooth and fair, and has no suggestion of the beauty parlor. In fact, she has no artifice of that kind, and her charm, though definite, is elusive.

Did you know that "Alice Blue" was named for her? She was always very partial to dull blues, and this shade became very popular during her residence at the White House. Since then, of course, we have had the Harding Blue and the Princess Mary Blue. Now we are getting a brand of Tutankhamen Blue. Well, every blue has its day!

When rubberneck tourists come chattering and

clattering into the Senate chamber, and the barker points out the persons and places of interest, he has only to indicate the hatless woman leaning forward in the Senate gallery, listening intently.

"That is Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, daughter of Theodore Roosevelt," he says.

Interest in the Senate instantly wanes. All eyes turn to the Roosevelt daughter, and there is admiration, almost reverence at times, in the eager look from this mixed group.

In many ways she is like her father. Over and over again I have watched her, but she shows no embarrassment; in fact, she seems absolutely unconscious of this scrutiny.

Interest in politics has always been very real with Alice, and she has found it an absorbing topic. An interesting debate in the Senate was a lure she could not resist.

Not long after her marriage, I think it was, she was giving a big luncheon party. In the middle of it, some one called her up to say that an important issue had suddenly developed in the Senate.

Grabbing a hat, and hurling an abrupt apology at her guests, Alice left the astonished crowd to finish the party without a hostess.

Why, even last year, Alice went to New York

for Christmas, with the intention of staying over New Year's Day. No sooner had the Economic Conference proposed by Senator Borah crowded the murders off the first page, than she came home. Politics comes first with her always. She sat in the gallery listening, her languid eyes alight.

"Hullo, I thought you were staying in New York until after New Year's Day," one woman said to her.

"Fancy staying in New York, with all *this* happening here," and she flung out a gesture indicating the Senate floor, where a wordy conflict was taking place.

Alice was only two days old when her mother died. Her grandmother, Mrs. Martha Roosevelt, you know, died the same day, and the double tragedy overshadowed the arrival of this vital little person. Her aunt, Anna Roosevelt, who was afterwards Mrs. Cowles, took charge of the baby until Theodore Roosevelt married Edith Carew in London. But Theodore Roosevelt was always particularly fond of Alice; she had a special corner in his heart, and there was a rare camaraderie between them.

I think it was back in the early seventies that some one divided the inhabitants of the United

States into three groups—saints, sinners, and the Beecher family. A more recent version would have substituted the Roosevelt family, for presumably they have always been a law unto themselves. Yet not outlaws.

I remember a dinner at the White House one night. It was the first time I had been a guest of President Roosevelt. Alice wore a dress of her namesake blue, and long white kid gloves. I fairly gasped when I saw her eat asparagus with her fingers without removing her gloves! It may have been a bet or a dare, but it was probably just a perverse impulse, or perhaps there was present some one especially correct whom she wanted to shock! She was never in awe of the great, and parental discipline did not impose too rigid a regulation upon personal conduct.

Enter Nick

Alice Roosevelt was terribly disappointed when her father refused to let her go to London for the coronation of King Edward. But for consolation, she had that memorable Taft trip to the Philippines. That was about a year later, and oh, the wonderful stories we heard about that tour—stories in which the fair Alice was star actor.

These tales, well spiced, were the savory served at many a dinner table. They had percolated to America from the Far East, no doubt expanding in transit, and taking on a more lurid hue.

Nicholas Longworth was one of the Taft party, and the romance, which had been budding, blossomed fully on the voyage.

There is no doubt that Alice supplied conversation for many a dinner party by her activities in the Far East.

"My dear! Have you heard about Alice Roosevelt and the sacred elephant?" "Do you know what Alice did in a Chinese temple?"

That she was the theme of conversation in no way dimmed her ardor for adventure. If fellow travelers did relate how she had, when dared, dived fully dressed into the plunge bath, what did she care? And if there was nearly a war because she had ridden a sacred elephant outside a Chinese temple, while the pig-tailed officials prayed for vengeance—or was it an encore—why worry?

Goodness, how time passes! That is over seventeen years ago. I wonder how many remember the excitement there was about her engagement and wedding, and the maneuvering for invitations.

No one was surprised at the engagement, because the barometer had been "set fair" for some little time. After its announcement, Alice seemed supremely happy. Functions at the White House took on an added interest. Would Alice and her fiancé be there? The bride elect became the central figure, and so often after a brief appearance, she would quietly disappear—she and Nick.

All through the winter, I remember, each day Alice would accompany Nick to the Capitol. Even on her birthday, a few days before her marriage, she made her daily pilgrimage to the shrine of politics with her future spouse.

And the wedding! Washington will never quite forget that.

The President wished to make it a quiet affair, but that couldn't be done. Close relatives and important officials were the basis of the invitation list, but it grew until it held a thousand names.

Social America was on tiptoe, hoping for an invitation. The Has-Beens tried resuscitation, and the Never-Wasers resorted to novel tricks to break in. Many people, quite unknown to the Roosevelts, sent expensive presents, and then brazenly asked for invitations. Their gifts were promptly returned.

Strange, how some people seem to spend their lives courting snubs: never content with where they are. I could tell you a few who have—but that must wait till I get started on "breaking into society", and the best methods to use. Some jimmy the lock, and others creep in on the dumb waiter.

But to return to the presents. Exaggerated stories of the value of the gifts and jewels being showered upon the bride elect grew out of the President's reluctance to have the list published. Fed by imagination, they grew alarmingly. This brought a crowd of appeals. Some asked that Alice should give from her plenitude to various worthy causes. Others made personal requests for a silver teapot or a few spoons, where there had been duplication. They had caught the souvenir habit. A few anonymous epistles were sent with a hint of future peril, should she retain this abundance which had been thrust into her hands.

Nearly all the foreign royalty laid gifts at the feet of America's Princess Alice. We were so excited waiting to see what would come next. The Spanish King sent antique jewelry, Austria a diamond and pearl pendant. I forget what the King of England sent, but the jewelled bracelet

from the Kaiser, I think, Alice afterwards gave to the Red Cross, during the War. I know the French gift was Gobelin tapestry, and the Italian King sent mosaic from Florence. So did Pope Pius IX. The Taft party, who had watched the romance grow and flourish, gave her a necklace of diamonds and aquamarines. Embroideries came from China and Japan, and I think Nick Longworth gave his bride a diamond necklace.

They were married on a Saturday, and Congress adjourned without avowing a reason, so as to avoid establishing a precedent. Not that the marriage of a President's daughter and a Congressman happens often. But you never know.

I remember Nellie Grant (Mrs. Algernon Sartoris) was there. She had been married in the White House thirty-two years before.

In spite of all those jewels, Alice doesn't care a fig for personal ornaments. Jewelry makes no appeal to her. When earrings were not fashionable, she always wore them. Since the demand for earrings in the ten-cent stores has so definitely indicated the trend of fashion, she has ceased to dress her ears. A long platinum chain, studded with diamonds, is one of her favorite ornaments, and from this she suspends a gold turtle as big as

a door stop. It is rather incongruous, but somehow it has a personal appeal to her, and that outweighs all fashion.

You know how the people out West worshiped Theodore Roosevelt! A few years after the marriage of Alice, I had a Western woman staying with me. She was tremendously elated one day when we received an invitation to a dinner at which Alice was to be present. She had never seen any of the Roosevelts, and all her interest seemed to center in the Longworth pair.

There were five women at that party whose jewels were worth the proverbial king's ransom.

We talked to Mrs. Marshall Field, who was clustered with pearls as big as hen's eggs.

Mrs. Ned McLean wore her diamond tiara, and the famous Hope diamond, which is, of course, the largest in the world. You are never permitted to forget that fact. Some one is sure to remind you of it, and tell you all about the curse that hangs over the stone. They may even go so far as to mention a specific incident to prove this superstition in connection with the present owners of the gem. Incidentally, Ned McLean says that his wife doesn't buy her diamonds by the stone, but by the pound.

Beside Mrs. McLean sat Mrs. Townsend, one

of the Cave Dwellers, who has seen the rise and fall of many administrations, and was in all the glory of her far-famed jewels. Mrs. Joe Leither looked like a living chandelier, all aglitter.

In the midst of this bejewelled group sat Alice Longworth and she didn't wear a single ornament!

When we got home, and sat talking over the events of the evening, and discussing the clothes—you know how women do, when they brush their hair—the Western woman said:

"So that was Alice Roosevelt, and not a diamond on her." There was a tinge of disappointment in her voice, for I believe she had expected her to look like the Queen of Sheba, after having read the list of wedding presents.

Alice has always been a person of few intimate friends, and Sunday evening supper at the Longworth home is an exclusive affar—exclusive in so far as you must be one of that intimate circle.

"Come and have supper; Nick feels like playing to-night."

That is the probable form her invitations will take. Nick Longworth is a violinist of more than amateur ability, but he plays seldom—only when the inspiration stirs him.

There was one night I particularly remember.

There must have been about twenty people there, each wearing the garb society had prescribed for such semiformal occasions.

Alice received us in a costume of her own designing—long, black, satin trousers and a loose, embroidered blouse.

"I always like to wear trousers when I listen to music," she said, curling up on the divan among the cushions. "Skirts get in the way when I sit like this, and I always do when Nick plays."

Alice the Politician

"Tiger! Tiger!" called Alice Longworth. I thought she was going to recite Blake's poem, but she was merely talking to the tiger skin, a souvenir of one of her father's hunting expeditions, spread in front of the open fireplace.

In every home there is a characteristic corner, some room more expressive of the owner than others. The Longworth drawing room is of the conventional type, but it is in the living room that you find the Roosevelt revealed.

The big tiger skin gives a definite note, a personal note. Alice worshiped her father, and would have fought like a tiger to defend him personally or politically. Photographs of Theodore Roose-

velt, etchings and busts of him are there, with autographed pictures of famous men and women. There are also interesting cartoons reminiscent of past and present politicians and events.

It is a comfortable room, with an atmosphere of being lived in and loved. Not untidy, it has, however, the orderly disorder of books that are read, cushions that give comfort, pictures that please, and a faint odor of smoke. It is the home of people who prefer to live at home.

The Longworths are splendid pals. Each accords the other a generous freedom, differing without dispute, and meeting life's problems with understanding. Alice likes men and enjoys their company. Not as a vamp does she seek them, but for a pleasant interchange, a clash of wit, for deep reasoning, and good fellowship.

Next to her husband comes her brother Ted. She is very fond of Ted.

Her inanimate loves are politics and books, and they have, as I have told you, a real fascination for her. She is a great reader, and devours weighty volumes and frivolous nonsense. Far into the night she reads. I often think she prefers books to people. She certainly spends more time in their company.

Formal visiting is anathema to Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, I can assure you, and her Congressional calls are a huge, unpaid, social debt. Let no Congressman's wife feel personally aggrieved if her call remains unacknowledged. She treats them all alike.

"I hate calling; I just can't do it," she says, and there the matter usually ends.

Occasionally she applies a measure of self-discipline to herself, and sets out to pay off some social debts.

She started out one day with a Senator's wife—I think it was Mrs. Borah—with the fixed intention of paying calls.

When they arrived at the first house on the list, she hesitated.

"Oh! I don't think I'll go in here," she said. "I'll wait for you."

She waited, and Mrs. Borah went in. When the car stopped at the second place, she sat back contentedly.

"You go in—I'll wait." Again she shirked.

At the third place it was the same. When her social tour ended, her companion had left cards on ten women, but Alice had stuck to the car with amazing fidelity, and returned home with her indebtedness undischarged.

"I wasted the whole afternoon," she told me that night. "Absolute waste of time, I call it."

"And didn't you leave a card?" I asked.

"Not one," and she smiled a lazy smile, and sat back among the cushions.

If Nick Longworth were a different type of man, Alice might find plenty of activity in playing his particular game; but politically, do you think he will rise much higher? Frankly, do you?

What a sensation it would cause politically, if Alice decided to throw her hat into the ring! She could join the Lucy Stone League, and become a Roosevelt again. That would be worth thousands of votes. And what a Senator she would make!

I was out at a little tea party a few weeks ago, when some one suggested that Alice ought to run for the Senate. Instantly the room seemed riddled with ideas. Talk thickened. For ten minutes her assets and liabilities were tossed like leaves before the wind.

"She's a brilliant woman," said one.

"Look at her training in public life, her knowledge of politics. Why, she loves the game more than anything on earth, I imagine," said a second.

"She'd make a good Senator, but a rotten candi-

date," came in a Southern drawl. "She doesn't like people, and won't shake hands, and she has never been active in women's organizations."

"You mean that she doesn't 'suffer fools gladly,'" came from a red-headed woman.

"That's just it," said the hostess, as we gathered our coats and made for the elevator.

But just think what it would mean to have one electric, vivid, fearless, audacious young woman in that stuffy, stodgy assembly of fence-fixers, seed-senders, and afraid-of-their-mitten mediocrities! And what a dare-devil campaign it would be! Can't you see sober traditions being broken, and precedents being carted away by the trash man! Why, the revelations of old Tutankhamen's tomb would pale before some of the stories that would develop in that battle.

And if she got in! Of course she wouldn't be spectacular all the time, but wouldn't those old partridges sit around, waiting, for fear they'd miss it when she was in action, making a six-cylinder speech.

Well, who knows what the future may hold, but I hope I am still alive to see it—if she should stand. I'd just hate to miss the fun.

MRS. WOODROW WILSON

"SHE'S handsome in a heavy way, but her face sags," said a New York woman. That was the first description I had heard of Mrs. Wilson. Up to that time I had not seen her. I believe that's a fairly accurate picture. To some she is handsome, and to others heavy. Democrats, no doubt, see her comeliness, and Republicans note the sag. Funny, how often we see what we are looking for. You know the old Japanese saying: "A bee flying over a field sees honey; a crow sees carrion!"

Curiosity lent a keen edge to interest when the second Mrs. Wilson blossomed out as a White House bride.

One Cave Dweller, with elevated eyebrows and arched instep, sniffed and murmured "Trade!"

(Of course some of the Best People buy their jewels at Galt's, and after all, we are a democracy!)

It was soon after her official début, I think, that a funny incident happened at Mrs. Moran's.

Don't you know who Mrs. Moran is? Well, she is the safest bet in Washington. Just lay your

money that she will be in the receiving line, and you'll never lose. How does she get there? My dears, she has oodles of money, and even when she isn't asked to take a box at the hundreds of charity balls, she just volunteers. Oh, you must have seen Mrs. Moran!

Well, she had loaned her big house on Massachusetts Avenue to those writing women, the Penwomen's League, for an annual fair. And Mrs. Wilson was there. She was piloted up and down by the president of the League, an important little woman, who had three feet of ostrich feather hanging down her back from her hat. I think she's in Europe now. Just off the main hall was a room in which delicious coffee—Turkish coffee—was being served, and this room, like the rest of the house, was decorated with gay posters.

As Mrs. Wilson was led into the coffee room, two prominent Red Cross women, in their best uniforms, sat at one end.

"Oh, here are two"—the League president paused, her hand pointing to the Red Cross officials.

They immediately stood up, braced their shoulders, and preened themselves.

Mrs. Wilson, following the pointing hand, met

MRS. WOODROW WILSON

their gaze, and a mutual acknowledgment of the introduction had just began—that half-formed smile—when the Penwomen's president concluded her suspended sentence.

"Chromo posters, done by the camouflage department of the army."

Her eyes saw nothing but a hole in the air where the Red Cross women stood, but were fixed on two large, gaudy posters just behind them.

The Red Cross women looked at each other, and realizing that they were not on the list of exhibits, subsided onto the couch.

"A chromo poster!" said one in amused disgust.

"Why, did you think you were a cameo?" asked her companion.

But Mrs. Wilson had not checked her smile. She bowed most graciously to them before admiring the chromo posters, and the little president went on talking incessantly, quite unconscious of what had happened.

It is strange how the multitude so often deserts a leader when his star has passed its zenith. And then, after a sharp and certain fall, a wave of sympathy will surge up, and give defeat a splendor that triumph never wore. Woodrow Wilson experienced that. M. Viviani singled out the homage

paid to Woodrow Wilson by the American people as one of the most striking incidents in his sojourn in this country. He marveled at it.

Woodrow Wilson sought a quiet neighborhood when he left the White House. It was quiet then. Now it is a tourist resort. On Sundays and holidays crowds go there to look at the home of the defeated Democrat. Same take their lunch and their children, and make a picnic on the pavement. Motors line up, and their occupants peer at the windows and pray for the opening of a door to reveal the vanquished chief.

One family which used to live opposite, has moved. They have sold out and gone in search of seclusion. They were tired of this vigil of an adoring crowd, which left egg shells and orange skins on the step, after an all-day effort to catch sight of Woodrow Wilson.

On his birthday, hundreds of men and women stood for hours in the pouring rain outside the house, waiting to see him drive past, that they might pay him the tribute of a personal greeting.

Nearly every Saturday night the ex-President goes to Keith's theater. Like other studious men, he seeks diversion in the froth of foolery, hence his choice of vaudeville. In the same way he is a

great reader of detective stories, to even the balance of his mental meat.

And each Saturday night, as the shambling figure is assisted to his seat, the waiting audience stands and makes audible its admiration. After the performance, hundreds line the streets. I have seen them, in rain and snow, waiting, waiting. And when the big automobile comes out of the alley from the side entrance, there is a burst of cheering and clapping, as the machine hurries into the distant dark. That is Woodrow Wilson today, and Mrs. Wilson is usually close beside him.

The Woodrow Wilson Language

A humane old woman, who gathered stray animals, had among her refugees a French poodle, well-bred and intelligent, but a sad dog; he grieved as one without hope. Meat and medicine failed to touch the root of his trouble, so some one suggested that she should talk to him in French.

At "*bon chien,*" he trembled with joy, and "*pauvre petit*" sent him into an ecstacy.

There is a lot said for the attraction of opposites, but we do like some one who speaks our own language; who understands. It may be what

Freudians call the Narcissus complex, but in plain American, "Ain't it the truth?"

If Mrs. Wilson doesn't exactly speak the Woodrow Wilson language, she at least seems to understand it.

"What on earth attracted him to Edith Galt?" I heard a woman remark when the engagement was announced.

One authority states that he was first attracted to her by the simple statement that she had never been to the White House until invited there to lunch by Margaret Wilson. Though an old resident of Washington, she had not availed herself of the democratic privilege, and had waited for a special invitation.

That may be. Some say that Margaret Wilson planned the match, and that she is now devoted to her stepmother. Margaret certainly is clever. Now, I don't believe either Jessie or Mrs. McAdoo would have thought of such a thing. Perhaps Margaret's distaste for White House life inspired it, and so she brought up the relief.

There is another version, a more authentic one, I believe.

Dr. Grayson, who so often accompanied the President on his drives, had noticed a very

attractive woman driving alone in an electric machine.

"I like the look of her. I wonder who she is?" he said to the President.

I believe the White House car often followed the same route as this electric machine. When it turned to the right, so did the presidential car.

One night Dr. Grayson met her—no, it wasn't Mrs. Galt, it was Miss Gordon, her intimate friend. I believe the way the Doctor convinced the lady that his gracious greeting was really the outcome of a sincere desire to have met her, was to recite from memory the registration number of her car.

Soon afterwards he met Mrs. Galt. He liked her, and he had a hunch that the President would also like her. And it was in this way that the invitation to lunch issued by Margaret Wilson came about, via Dr. Grayson.

But Mrs. Galt didn't say "yes" the first time of asking. Like a true woman, she hesitated.

I once heard that the happiest moment in a woman's life was when she had decided to say "yes," but hadn't said it. You all know that delicious interlude—unless you are among the hasty ones, who say "yes" and decide afterwards.

Oh, you young ones, don't miss those delicious moments by saying "yes" too soon!

Mrs. Wilson was born a Bolling, and she is entitled to affix F. F. V. after her name. Her tastes, I fancy, go back to the period when perfect ladies didn't get into moving pictures—they didn't have the movies then perhaps—and didn't arrange for a proof for the press when having their photographs taken, with an eye to the social columns.

Isn't she a lineal descendant of Pocahontas?

The Wilsons seemed to shun the camera more than some of the Presidents. Have you ever noticed how Mrs. Wilson always managed to draw into the background a little, and so give the impression that the President is perceptibly taller, which, of course, is not the case.

That was always her attitude. She was proud to be Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, but she didn't want to wear the dome of the Capitol for a tiara.

I remember the summer when the first Mrs. Wilson died. There was a nice old man, a staunch Democrat and admirer of the President, who was overwhelmed with grief, and wanted to pay his tribute of condolence at the White House. Since it was a hot, humid day, the old fellow decided to wear his black alpaca coat.

"Better put on your proper coat, your Prince Albert," said his wife. "It isn't quite respectful to call in that one."

"But that is such a hot coat; it's cruel to ask a man to wear it a day like this."

"I know, but don't wear your alpaca, father," she pleaded; "it doesn't look right."

"But the heat!" he protested.

"It's uncomfortable, I know, but think of the President—what he is suffering."

The gallant old man went in and took off the old alpaca and struggled into his hot Prince Albert. Perspiring, he set off to the White House.

When he saw the President and his daughters, stricken with grief, he felt glad that he had made the little sacrifice of his personal comfort. It wasn't much, and nobody knew about it, but he was conscious of having paid a special tribute of affection and respect to his President.

One day, less than a year later, the old man sat reading his paper as he ate breakfast. There he saw the announcement of the engagement of the President to Mrs. Galt. He threw the paper aside indignantly.

"And to think I took off my black alpaca coat!" was all he could say.

Butlers and Cave Dwellers

There was quite an epidemic of marriages at the White House during the Wilson régime. Indeed, it has been called the "Administration of Vital Statistics." Jessie Wilson married Dr. Sayre, and Eleanor became Mrs. McAdoo. Mr. McAdoo now has children and grandchildren about the same age, because this was his second venture.

Margaret, who was the eldest, escaped the contagion. She was very much occupied with public philanthropy, in which Major Pullman, one of the police heads, was also considerably interested. Their association in these works inspired some people with the idea that another romance was brewing. The press sensed a news story and followed up clues. At last, unable to bear the strain of suspense any longer, the newspapers announced, not the engagement, but the rumor of an impending engagement.

One morning, Mr. Lewis Brownlow, District Commissioner, arrived at his office. A member of his staff was an Irish girl, an hereditary clerk, who was handed on from one Commissioner to another. She was poring over the newspaper, her eyes bulging, her face pink with suppressed excite-

ment. She had just read the rumor of the engagement between Margaret Wilson and Major Pullman. As Mr. Brownlow came in the door, she looked up and said:

"My Gawd, Mr. Brownlow, Mag's going to marry a cop!"

Before Woodrow Wilson led Mrs. Galt to the altar, and the White House, each day for many weeks, a black-garbed lady had taken a drive around the Speedway in her electric machine. Daily, about the same hour, a Senator's wife, in a similar automobile, patrolled the blossom-bordered drive. They eyed each other at first; later they smiled, and eventually they exchanged a tentative greeting. The Senator's wife often wondered who this lady of mystery might be. She appeared to live in the city, but was not seen elsewhere. The day the engagement of Woodrow Wilson and Mrs. Galt was announced, the picture of the bride elect was published, and that Senator's wife got some shock when she recognized in her lady of mystery, the new mistress of the White House.

The Cave Dwellers, as I have said, were not very enthusiastic. You know they are the ancient inhabitants of the city, who are here by right of birth or bargains, and not the will of the people.

The Cave Dwellers have their own social code, and they receive or do not receive whom they please. There are no official strings tied to their bow—or they would have you think so. Mrs. Galt had lived in Washington—she had been with them, but not of them. An invitation to the White House means nothing to a Cave Dweller, at least, nothing special. You see, she has had so many. So the Cave Dwellers did not call. Individually, yes, perhaps. *En masse*, no.

When Mrs. Wilson first came to the White House she had to face many social problems. I really think there ought to be a training school for Presidents' wives that would give them a chance to try their fences. The long line of dead and gone wives who have graced this ancient house have set up standards, evolved codes, modified, expanded, duplicated, and generally left a position nominally very simple, but actually very complex.

The acquisition of a butler is an important milestone. Some people even divide the world into two classes—those who have butlers and those who haven't.

I heard one family sternly condemned:

"Why, they're impossible—they don't even keep a butler."

No, the speaker wasn't a Cave Dweller. She was a Congressman's wife from the Middle West, but she has been here a long time. That was her test.

I heard a new arrival under discussion one day. Should she be asked to lunch or not?

"Well, ask her once, and if she cuts her lettuce with a knife, we'll know what to do in future."

These are simple things compared with the problems that beset the path of a newly installed First Lady, especially if she is handicapped by being a late arrival in the picture.

Politically, it might have been better for Mrs. Wilson if she had been a glad-hander, and able to supply this deficiency on the part of her husband. Even as President, he was singularly cold in his enthusiasms, and failed to kindle a responsive spark. I have seen his picture at the movies create more vital interest than the personality of the man himself. Don't you remember when he complained: "The people don't love me!" But, somehow, love was not the emotion he inspired. His was a cold, brilliant intellect, which compelled admiration in his followers, rather than affection—personal affection.

I recall one occasion when a man referred to him familiarly as "Woody".

I don't like it as a description, but perhaps it was a term of endearment. I like that idea better.

Mrs. Wilson the Second certainly did not forget her own people. The Bolling family were constantly projected onto the White House screen. If the President and Mrs. Wilson drove in the park, they were fortified by a few Bollings. Was it a theater party, there was a generous sprinkling of Bollings in the box. Wherever they went, the scene was peppered with her relatives.

The Contrasts of March the Fourth

I often wonder how Mrs. Wilson felt that day—March 4, 1921. To me it is such a vivid picture.

Outside, the cheering crowd, the pushing, swaying mass, straining for vantage points; the excitement of anticipation, the exaltation of victory.

Tall, handsome, smiling, the victor, Warren G. Harding, arrives for his triumphal inaugural ceremony.

A shambling, pathetic figure, conscious of defeat, conscious also of the physical disability which had robbed him of his dignity of bearing, is assisted from the Capitol to his car. Too frail to face the ordeal, he signs his name for the last time as President of the United States, and turns away.

Warren Harding mounts the steps, a handsome hero, the people's President.

Woodrow Wilson drives away—along Pennsylvania Avenue. A little negro boy jumps on the running board of his car. The distant cheering grows fainter as he leaves behind him his triumph and his failures. He takes with him his ideals—and his pain.

Within a stone's throw of the Capitol, within earshot of the plaudits of the multitude acclaiming a new leader, a man lies dead. Champ Clark does not hear the cheers of welcome to his rival, for Death has already whispered in his ear:

"Your pilgrimage is ended. You shall never be President of the United States. Come! Follow me!"

The Tongues of Washington

Mrs. Wilson doesn't play politics, at least not in the sense that Harriet Taylor Upton, Emily Newell Blair, or Maud Wood Parks do. Partisan politics, watering the elephant and gathering thistles for the donkey, nothing of that kind!

Some time ago, Mrs. Wilson ventured to attend a meeting of the Democratic women in Baltimore. That started it! The Whispering Gallery was in

fine form, and it echoed and reëchoed with murmurs, exclamations, and strange asseverations.

"He has sent her over to spy out the land!" was the theme played, with variations, on the vibrant chords of women's tongues.

"From battle, murder, sudden death, and the tongues of Washington, Good Lord deliver us!" is the prayer of one pious soul in the District of Columbia each night.

Bad politician as he may be, Woodrow Wilson knew better than to send his wife on such an errand. He once said that she had better political judgment than he had.

On hearing this, one woman remarked, "That isn't a matter of much pride."

Well, I suppose it isn't possible to keep all the oats cut, and while there is party politics, you will always find the partisan and the prejudiced.

Speaking of party feeling, I remember a luncheon Genevieve Clark Thompson, daughter of Champ Clark, gave during the war. She called it a stag luncheon, and invited thirty lone women to Dower House, in Baltimore. You know, it was formerly the home of Lord Baltimore.

Agnes Hart Wilson was there. Her father was in the Cabinet then. Labor, wasn't it?

"My dears! Do you know what happened to Mrs. Baker?" she said.

"No, Agnes, what?" asked Genevieve.

"Well, Secretary Baker has gone to Europe about the war, and she was going home. On the train, in the very next compartment, sat four men, criticizing the administration. They hadn't a good word to say for it, and they fairly ripped Mr. Baker to pieces. One said:

" 'I hope a submarine gets him before he comes back.'

"That was too much for Mrs. Baker. She felt that something ought to be done. First she thought of calling the conductor, and wiring ahead for detectives to arrest the speaker at the next station. Finally she decided to take the matter into her own hands, and she let them have it, I can tell you.

" 'What's it got to do with you?' asked one of the men.

" 'It's got this to do with me—Mr. Baker is my husband,' she said hotly, 'and I demand your names, as I am going to report the matter.'

" 'Sorry you happened to hear; it was only a private conversation,' said one, as he handed out his card with maddening coolness."

"What did she do then?" asked Genevieve.

"Oh, she reported it to the authorities, but they didn't seem to do much; the Attorney-General didn't press it very hard."

"And were they *really* German spies?" asked one guest, her eyes bulging with excitement.

"Oh, no! Merely Republicans," replied Agnes Wilson, contemptuously.

The Penalties of Greatness

As I have already told you, when Mrs. Wilson Number Two came to the White House, there was the usual rush of clubs and organizations to entertain her and run an eye over the new Lady of the Mansion. One national organization gave a reception in her honor, but they didn't have a club house then. They held their social sessions in a room behind a tailor's shop.

Desiring to make it as impressive as possible, the Committee requested the tailor to move his pressing board, and close the door, so that in passing into the club room, the First Lady might not be suffocated by the steam rising from a half-pressed pair of trousers.

The tailor, a born Democrat, wanted to see all that was going on. So he kept the door open,

and continued the sacred rite of pressing trousers, watching for the White House entourage through a veil of vapor which arose from the moist cloth.

At last she came, flanked by two women secretaries, or something, to act as buffers. No doubt the President feared that in a group of brilliant women, his State secrets might be jeopardized unless his wife was properly fortified in case of an unexpected questionnaire.

Furniture and fittings had been hastily borrowed to add to the beauty and comfort of the club room. There was a settee. In that settee was a broken spring. Beside that settee was a vigilance committee of one, specially appointed to keep Mrs. Wilson, who is no lissome lass, from sitting on that broken spring. But she did. The vigilance committee had for one sad moment relaxed, and there was a—plonk. Mrs. Wilson had sat down.

She was with many apologies and some effort assisted to arise, and accommodated in a more secure and seemly setting.

Then the procession formed and the introductions began. You know how it is. You mumble your name, or somebody in advance mumbles it for you, and the guest shakes hands, and endeavors to accommodate each with an individual smile.

One woman paused to have a little chat, and held up the whole line.

"I have been connected with Lady Blank's hospital in Canada," she volunteered, recounting her war sacrifices.

"Have you, really?" said Mrs. Wilson smiling.

Her face is very pleasant when she smiles and her interest is aroused. But have you noticed that rather hopeless expression, that droop, in repose? She was looking very pleasant that day. I had never seen her look so well.

The woman still stood in front of her.

"Yes, indeed, I have," she said, and diving a hand into her pocket, she produced a white veil.

"And this is the veil I wore the day I saw her, and I want you to accept it," thrusting the crumpled treasure into Mrs. Wilson's hand.

One of the buffers on her flank quickly relieved Mrs. Wilson of the embarrassing gift, and hid the precious gossamer from sacrilegious eyes.

Mrs. Wilson murmured strange phrases of gratitude. There was a determined effort at the rear of the line. A forward movement crowded the generous donor off the center of the stage, and the program proceeded.

Oh! the penalties of greatness!

FLORENCE KLING HARDING

WHEN Amos Kling opposed the marriage of his daughter to the struggling editor of the Marion *Star*, he couldn't be blamed for omitting the White House from his calculations. Twenty years ago it is doubtful if Warren G. Harding had allowed his fleeting fancy to roam that far.

As a matter of fact, the lamented President was never an ambitious man. He was of a contented mind. He liked the quiet harbor where his barque was moored and was content to signal a friendly greeting or a timely warning to the big ships sailing far out on the tumultuous political seas. He took life as he found it—and liked it. He was neither an adventurer nor a reformer.

Mrs. Harding had a determined father, accustomed to obedience in his children. Florence inherited some of this virtue. She showed it when Banker Kling issued this ultimatum:

"You must make your choice—your father, or Warren Harding. Which is it to be?"

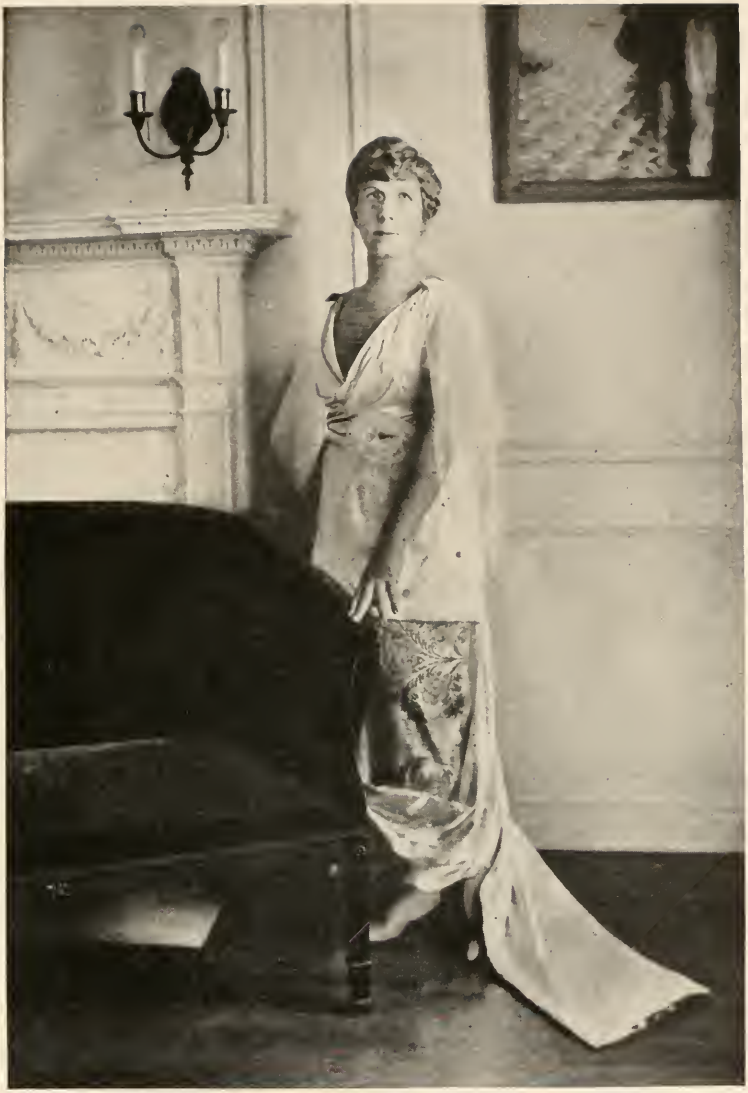
There wasn't any hesitation. Florence's deci-

sion laid the cornerstone of President Harding's political career. It is said that even in those early Marion days she heard the distant call to him and felt the lure of the great unknown. Always she believed in him, encouraged him, and sometimes urged him. Ah, who can tell what dreams she dreamed for him as she mended his socks on the little front porch that was destined for a place in the history of America!

Politics so often follow prosperity; haven't you noticed that? When the paper began to pay, politics beckoned the genial editor. Mrs. Harding saw the gesture, and nodded. It was her white-gloved hand that pointed "Stop" and "Go" through the devious paths that led from the Ohio state legislature to the United States Senate.

In those old days, when she was circulation manager of the paper, she used to ride a bicycle, and pedal home half an hour before Warren, in order to broil the steak. No butlers then; not even a servant. The first butler arrived on the scene after the nomination.

When Mrs. Harding first arrived in Washington as a Senator's wife, she came on a stretcher—an invalid. But as First Lady she returned in the triumph of health. Even as a Senator's wife she



MRS. WARREN G. HARDING

always wore her clothes well. She is neat, and I always imagine her hairpins in graduated rows in a box, and her pins stuck in patterns on the cushion.

Her Finger on the Pulse

Mrs. Harding was never content to be on the fringe of things. Whether it was running a newspaper or running a nation, she wanted to keep her finger on the pulse. Her autobiography would not be brilliant with epigrams, scarred with scandals, nor would it make ripe reading for the blasé. It would be the chronicle of an intelligent woman, who had tried earnestly and honestly to do her job in life as she saw it. If she had ambition, certainly it was not for herself. The limelight always made her wince a little.

This has been called the Age of Jazz, but Mrs. Harding's régime was characterized by nothing that was frivolous or trivial. With earnest endeavor and conscientious exactitude she walked her path, balancing carefully between extremes. Neither in dress nor in modes or manners did she follow breathlessly the pace set by the ultra progressives. Neither did she stay bogged in the mud of medievalism. Mrs. Washington introduced ice cream to the American menu, but no

new dish is credited to Mrs. Harding, although she is somewhat celebrated as a cook. The effort among some *couturieres* to create a vogue for "Florence Harding blue" failed because Mrs. Harding wore black and white and yellow and green as frequently as she wore blue.

She was natural to the point of being naïve. There was something sweet and distinctly feminine about the way in which she conducted her first shopping tour to New York after she became our "First Lady". It was almost as if she had brought a bit of Main Street and planked it down right into Peacock Alley at the Waldorf! But it was so human and everydayish that everybody liked it when she showed her new clothes to the reporters and had her picture taken right in the midst of them. Of course we liked it!

Well, if it was a breath of Main Street that Mrs. Harding brought to the White House, let us have more of it, for it was a spirit of friendliness, in fact the very essence of neighborliness that was typical of her entire administration.

To newspaper people she was always most generous and most understanding. Soon after Mr. Harding was nominated they were preparing to motor from Washington to Marion and their

car was parked in the back yard while final preparations for the journey were being made.

The cook, an amiable soul, had been left on guard, but not being acclimated to the new presidential atmosphere, she forgot her vigil and left her post to gossip with the chauffeur next door. Seizing this unhoped-for opportunity, newspaper photographers, assigned to the task of getting a "close up" of the President elect, sneaked up and lowered the top of the car.

Mrs. Harding, passing the kitchen window at the moment, was startled to see the top of the car slowly collapse, and the next instant the cook, too, was back on the job. "Who lowered that top?" came in stentorian tones.

Now these were men who had been decorated for valor in France, but their courage evaporated instantly. They didn't wait to dig themselves in, but their heels were visible one brief instant as they disappeared over the fence.

And even as they ran Mrs. Harding was remonstrating with the cook. "Think of those boys being so clever," she said. "They really deserved that picture!" And those same boys never knew how she felt about it.

"Just Folks"

The Hardings used to say often that they were "just folks" and there are many stories, told now in affectionate memory, of a neighborliness, hitherto unknown among the White House occupants, that illustrates how consistently they held to that mental attitude of good will toward the whole world.

One of these is of a luncheon given Mrs. Harding at a fine old Southern home in Atlanta. The truth is that the hostess was somewhat disconcerted to learn that the First Lady had had her luncheon on the train—but that isn't the story.

It seems that the guest of honor was much interested in the delectable dishes served, and, being a good cook herself, she was interested in the sheer art of the affair from a culinary standpoint. When told that the "artist" was a good old-fashioned negro "mammy", Mrs. Harding expressed a desire to meet her, and after luncheon the cook had a distinction not usually bestowed upon cooks. She was called in and presented to the First Lady.

Mrs. Harding took both of the black hands in her own white-gloved ones and "just being pleasant", she said, "How would you like to

come to the White House and cook for the President and me?"

But the old darky was frank too. "No, thank y'r, ma'am. I been raised in Atlanta, 'en I'd ruther wo'k fer white folks es I knows what kind uv white folks dey is. I ain't acquainted in Washington." And no one enjoyed the joke more than Mrs. Harding did.

On another occasion when she was being entertained in New Orleans she was interested in the efficiency of the negro waiters and concluding her after-luncheon speech she said, "I don't want to leave until I have shaken hands with every one of these boys."

Being First Lady of our great land is a full time job for anybody, and Mrs. Harding tried to put in full time on it, despite the fact that she was never physically strong. She was always ready to see people if it was at all possible and she gave of herself freely—so freely that at last a breakdown forced her to give up all social duties and succumb to a prolonged and serious illness.

Mrs. Harding never got over that purely feminine habit of preparedness. As long as she was in the White House she took a very personal interest in the housekeeping affairs of the estab-

lishment and never left things entirely to the professionals in charge. She liked to have a little preliminary survey to see that things were all right. You know the feeling. We women are all like that.

I think it was George Washington who gave a dinner in New York, when it is recorded that "He said grace and they dined off a boiled leg of mutton." Well, things are not so simple as that now.

The Hospitable Hardings

The Hardings were always so gracious and so cordial and so human that their impulse would probably have been to go back to the open door policy of other days at the White House. Mrs. Harding said that somehow it always seemed unkind not to see people who really wanted to be seen. But the policy of permitting people to inspect the White House at their pleasure had to be abandoned some years ago. In this day of persistent and aggressive journalism, one could never know when an ambitious reporter might be hiding behind a door or under the dining table.

My grandfather used to tell of an illiterate old man from the West, who came to Washington in President Madison's time. He had a request to

make. First, he wanted a judgeship. On being refused, and convinced that he was not fitted for the position, he slid down the scale, ending up with a petition to be made a constable.

When the President refused even that, he said: "Well, give me a pair of your old breeches."

They may not be content with old breeches these days, but they are none the less persistent in their demands. Because they seemed so democratic, the Hardings were besieged with many requests ranging from a cabinet or diplomatic post to an autographed photo of Laddie Boy.

Mrs. Harding was always proud of being a small-town woman. She never wanted to be anything else. She remembered when she didn't have things. When roses and carnations were four or five dollars, a bouquet from the White House, with a gracious message, expressed the understanding of a woman who once knew what it was to make ends meet, and who liked flowers at her party. Choice blooms often went to Congressional homes, and her theater box and motor car were constantly at the disposal of the less fortunate. The Harding relatives didn't figure in the picture as the Bollings did in the Wilson régime, however.

Mrs. Harding understood the small-town curiosity, and the value of a close-up of the high spots in the Capital when a visitor was relating adventures in Washington back in the home town.

"Wouldn't you like to go up and see the other rooms in the White House?" she asked a Middle Western woman one day. "I know how curious I used to be about it all," she admitted frankly.

It is singular that of the last five Presidential families, the Roosevelts alone have come through their term without affliction. President McKinley's death was a tragic ending to his career, and his wife had been an invalid. Mrs. Taft, who had planned such great social events for their régime, was stricken with illness. President Wilson, who came in in vigorous health, went out a broken man, and Mrs. Harding had just recovered from a serious malady which confined her to the White House for many months when she started bravely on the ill-fated Alaskan trip with the President.

Many will recall the fine day early in their first summer at the White House that the Hardings threw open the grounds and held their first garden party. It was a magnificent success. The weather was perfect, the green lawn a velvet

carpet splashed with gay colors—the red uniforms of the band, the bright frocks and hats and parasols. It was a distinct change after the seclusion of the previous administration.

I think it was Mrs. Pomerene who remarked, "Aren't things different now?" as she looked over the friendly crowd being made welcome.

Mrs. Harding tried one innovation that afternoon. In order to indicate the close of the party the band played "The End of a Perfect Day." However, some one had previously announced that this was Mrs. Harding's favorite melody, so it was a pointless allusion so far as the guests were concerned.

A second time it was played, but the hint failed to penetrate the pleasure-sodden minds of the party. In the ball room, where the dancing was in progress, the end of the party was again proclaimed.

At last it seemed to dawn on some that the oft-repeated tune had a suggestion of finality, and the crowd gradually dispersed.

"Are you going to establish that as a definite custom for the termination of White House functions?" one woman asked.

"Not after this!" said Mrs. Harding laughing.

Four Thousand Handclasps

The big receptions at the White House are a fearful physical strain—physical, mental, moral—all of them. Just imagine shaking four thousand individual hands, and providing four thousand individual smiles. After hours and hours of it, there must surely come a time when it is merely a blur of faces and the mechanical clasping and unclasping of hands.

There was a time, particularly during the democratic Jefferson administration, when it was held that all social courtesies savored of courts and kings. But politeness is the universal language, as order is heaven's first law. So it had to come.

Each official or group is supposed to have an allotted place in the order of precedence; and rank, length of service, or age are the determining factors. Just between ourselves, I may say that the lower the rank, the more exacting on precedent.

When equality is the keynote of a constitution, it is difficult to make these differentiations without resorting to court customs. The authorities who made the Executive, Legislative, and Judiciary coequal did not consider the social aspect.

The heads of the three departments of State cannot enter the door at the same time—think

of Mr. Taft! Wouldn't there be a jam? Yet each has the right to first place.

The solution is found in the entertainment of each group separately. That is why the President holds four official receptions each season. In the old days it used to be nine. But much of the simplicity inaugurated by the Wilsons has stayed.

To the first are bidden the foreign ambassadors, because one must always be polite to visitors. The ambassadors take rank according to length of service. It would never do to try to arrange them in the order of importance. Each is naturally most important to himself. If they didn't apply the term of service, it would have to be done alphabetically or according to weight.

M. Jusserand is now Dean of Ambassadors. "Doyen" some of them prefer to call him.

The diplomatic reception is really the most spectacular, as the foreigners are all turned out in their gold braid and medals and feathers and fancy millinery. Some look quite bewitching, and have a courtliness of manner which befits the ceremony.

The second reception is given to the Judiciary. There are no wigs nor gowns here, nothing frivolous. They're too old for that; most of them,

not all. But it is usually solemn and pompous, even though they have a petticoated judge or two.

Next comes the reception to Congress—Cabinet, Senate, and the Representatives of the House. The fourth reception is given to the Army and Navy. Since we are a peace-loving nation, the Army and Navy do not rank so high as in other countries.

It is a long process, this reception business. Just take my hand, and I'll lead you.

After a lengthy wait in line, you are disgorged from a machine at the door and swallowed up in a crowd, all furred and feathered, which is exchanging its wraps for tickets. You put the ticket in your bag, or down the heel of your shoe, or behind your ear and take your place in the queue.

You watch the painted faces of dead and gone ladies of the White House, as you creep, serpent-like, down the hall. The long-past hostesses look placidly from the walls as the procession moves, two and two, along the wide corridor. Then you turn up the stairs, up and up, your view being obscured by the broad back in front.

At the head of the stairs you turn to the left. Inch by inch you gain ground as the minutes fly

past. At last you reach the dining room, paneled in dark wood, the mantel banked with flowers and ferns and the furniture spirited away.

You keep in line, hugging the walls and traversing three sides of the room before you pass through the Red Room. You are getting nearer now. Ahead you can see the President and his Lady as they stand on your right in the adjoining room. Here the men give a last hitch to their ties, and square their shoulders, while behind fans the women make a valiant effort to repair the damage incurred *en route*. There is a final fluffing out of frills and the last dab on the nose.

As you cross the threshold into the Blue Room, you fall into single file. You try to shout your name into the confiding ear of the polished official who bends confidentially toward you. But your voice comes in a trembling whisper, and you clear your throat and try again. Then it comes with a roar.

You are introduced to the President, who, with a smile and a kindly greeting, passes you on to his wife, who repeats the smile and greeting, and you make way for the next.

On your left, roped off with a velvet cord, are the special guests, who also watch you pass. At

least, you think they do, and for a moment you feel as important as the filling in a sandwich.

Suddenly you emerge from the Blue Room into the Ball Room, where you find the crowd which has preceded you. The ordeal is over.

You meet many strange and interesting people there, and see the most wonderful frocks and jewels. But it is soon over.

It usually takes one hour from the time you fall into line in the corridor until you have shaken the President's hand. It is an interesting hour, full of people and anticipation, the glitter of jewels, the soft scene of powdered faces and necks and arms; bare backs and black backs, men with too many clothes for comfort, and women with too few for charm, and the odor of scent, smoke, and sarsaparilla.

If you have been to but one of such functions you will doubtless remember every detail of the experience, but it is doubtful if Mrs. Harding will linger long over such memories. To her it was the individual touch that meant something. She liked informal afternoons on the *Mayflower* with the newspaper women, or a chat over the tea cups with some woman of achievement.

Some day, when time shall have lessened the

poignancy of her grief, she may remember some of the many amusing little incidents she enjoyed so keenly, for her sense of humor saved many a situation from sordidness. But registered indelibly in the American consciousness is a distinct impression of the fineness and friendliness of Florence Kling Harding as First Lady of the Land.

MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE

MRS. COOLIDGE assumed the First Ladyship with many qualifications for the job. There is something in the poise of her head, the big, brown, intelligent eyes, and the slight dilation of the nostrils that suggest class and distinction. You know the sort of thing—alert, eager, enthusiastic, with head held high, she looks out on the world—a world full of interesting things.

Do you remember March 4, 1921? The eyes of the nation turned toward the White House. President Wilson, "in residence" on the last day of his administration, was to receive his successor, the late President Harding, Mrs. Harding, and the Vice-President and Mrs. Coolidge.

The gates at the entrance stood hospitably open for the first time in three years. At the door, Head Usher Hoover, imposing dignitary, who has served at least five Presidents, awaited the visitors. Recent events had given the situation a dramatic tenseness. The country felt it; the principals felt it; even the major-domo felt it.

There was nothing but an exchange of courtesies between the incoming and outgoing Presidents.

People saw the new President pass, surprisingly grave. Mrs. Harding, coated in caracul, was stamped with the approval of Mrs. Ned McLean; sartorially, at least. Then came the Coolidges. The Vice-President, even then, wore his poker face. He wasn't born a New Englander for nothing. He's got the New England complex, and looks as though he believed emotions to be immoral. I wonder if the Massachusetts Senate still calls him "Cal".

Mrs. Coolidge, however, has a sense of humor, and she collects friends, as a barque does barnacles. And they stick as closely. Mrs. Marshall had set the pace in popularity for First Lady in Waiting, but Mrs. Coolidge didn't seem to get out of breath in keeping up to it.

That official reception at the White House on the memorable March 4th was Mrs. Coolidge's second visit. But oh, what a difference!

"Life is a funny thing," she said to me that evening. "You know, the first time I came to the White House, I brought my class of deaf and dumb pupils. Their affliction was a terrible handicap, and it took much longer to show them round.

The delay annoyed the head usher, and he grew impatient. Finally, in exasperation, he invited us to leave. I realized, of course, that we had taken more than our share of time, and didn't blame him. But, behold! It was the very same man who opened the door to us to-day—and bade us welcome!"

What a training school for a President's wife—among deaf mutes! How strangely appropriate! It certainly has taught her patience—a patience that gets tested to the utmost time and time again.

I guess the President himself often longs for the peace and silence of a deaf and dumb school, after a long presidential day. And Mrs. Coolidge, too, after the welter of words in Washington, must dream of that silent sanctuary!

Mrs. Coolidge didn't have to send out any questionnaire to decide whether a home or a career was the better for a woman. When she took young Calvin for better or worse, she knew that she didn't get any credit for originality of thinking. At least ninety-nine per cent of women agree with her—provided you get the right kind of man. To be sure, that kind aren't so thick that it takes a traffic cop to handle the crowd.

Real Boys

Now there are a pair of young Coolidges, fine strapping boys. Apartments aren't homes, but arriving in Washington in the spring of 1921, the Coolidges took over the Marshall apartment at Wardman Park Inn, known since the Marshall occupancy as "The Little White House", and society began to gravitate in that direction. You see, they made no secret of the fact that all they had was the salary that goes with the job.

Mrs. Coolidge managed to make that apartment very like a home. Yes, she's quite domesticated. Funny how virtuous and appealing domesticity appears in the eyes of male editors and press agents! During the campaign, don't you remember how we had Mrs. Coolidge's blueberry pie and mincemeat and doughnut recipes, until I wondered if the poor girl was ever out of a bungalow apron.

In holiday time, the boys came home, but Wardman Park didn't cramp their style or take the edge off their youthful enthusiasm. At that age, life centers on things to eat and watching the wheels go round. Dances are a bore, and girls—well, when you can watch planes at Bolling Field, and the wireless at the Navy Yard, and can swim at Henderson's Castle, or listen in at the McLean

radio at "Friendship", I ask you, what does a young chap want with girls?

This is the first time since the Roosevelt régime that we have had boys in the White House, and they are real boys, too. Remember how Kermit rode his pony right up the White House steps?

I was paying some calls at Wardman Park one afternoon, and a nutty, buttery smell came seeping from beneath the Coolidge door.

"What's that?" asked the woman with me, sniffing the savory odor.

"Popcorn," said I. "Mercersburg draws the line at popcorn, which is very shortsighted. So when the Coolidge boys come home from school, out comes the electric grill and chafing dish, and there is a popcorn feast added to the vice-presidential calendar."

If you live in an apartment you must have a chafing dish. I just love the man who said that a chafing dish was merely a frying pan that had got into society. It is, but it fits there a lot better than many people do. The chafing dish has poise, and the frying pan hasn't. I like the word poise, don't you? It's so handy.

The Coolidges are truly democratic. The fact that father was governor of Massachusetts didn't

prevent one boy from serving a paper route. Another hired out to weed potatoes. They needed experience, so why should father's position handicap them? In this case it didn't.

When news reached Calvin Jr. that his father had suddenly been elevated to the presidency, the lad called the new President over the telephone and congratulated him, expressing surprise and grief over the news of President Harding's death. Then he announced that he could not go to the White House for some time. You see he had a perfectly good job working on a farm at three dollars and a half a day, and he saw no reason whatsoever why he should give it up to go and idle away the days at the White House until school opened, just because his father was President. Now the Coolidge boys are just like that. They are real boys, but withal they are extremely practical and quite self-reliant. They do quite a bit of thinking for themselves.

Many prerequisites go with position, but personality always counts a great deal. Some people are accepted for what they represent; others, even after they have relinquished office, find their engagement book nearly as full. They know that the invitation then is purely personal. Others

fade off the social landscape like last year's snow. With them it was solely the position that held them in line.

Now, long before Mrs. Coolidge went to the White House she was really popular. In fact, I don't believe she ever needed to cook a meal at home. She could lunch and dine out the whole year round. But that doesn't mean a free meal ticket. Hospitality begets hospitality, and in such matters there must be reciprocity. And, oh! this business of balancing parties! It is as bad as trying to balance a budget! If there is one quality needed in official life, it is tact.

Smiling Through

You have heard of the Senate ladies' Tuesday luncheons, haven't you? Mrs. Coolidge used to preside charmingly over these simple feasts. The whirr of sewing machines drowned the gossip during the war, when Mrs. Marshall had her team sewing shirts for soldiers. Since then, the ladies of the Senate have continued their weekly reunion, but it is merely a social gathering in Caucus Hall. It is quite informal, and they take turns in bringing the salad, cake, pickles, and sandwiches.

After the last election one or two of the lame

ducks' wives, sore at defeat, had grown barbs on their tongues.

When Mrs. Borah offered condolence to Mrs. Poindexter, her overtures were met with a curt reply from the very frank lady.

"You ought to be sorry, when your husband contributed to Miles' defeat. Why didn't he come and speak for him, as he promised, if you were so anxious to have him returned?"

"Oh, Mrs. Poindexter, your husband's manager said that you were all so sure of victory, that it was not necessary."

Of course, each had a different version of the story, but there was a slight hush in the assembly for the instant.

I can tell you that it takes tact to preside over such functions.

Mrs. Coolidge believes that the wives of public men, like children, should be seen and not heard. No human dictaphone will ever turn anything she says into a press record; certainly not anything she says will create a sensation or cause embarrassment. She observes Safety First Week over the entire fifty-two. Mrs. Coolidge is human—but discreet.

Mrs. Coolidge is a New Englander in all that

the word implies, so it goes without saying that she went to college, and also that she taught for a few years after graduation—in that school for the deaf and dumb. Could anything have been more appropriate for a woman who was destined to be the wife of our President? How to be deaf and dumb at the proper moment, how to speak when spoken to, how to use one's eyes in the place of one's ears—and, above all, how to exercise patience and then more patience. All women who are thinking of marrying politicians should follow the example of Mrs. Coolidge and seek a close and prolonged association with the deaf and dumb. And a few blind associates would not be amiss.

Steering a Safe Course

I often think the Vice-President must feel like the extra tire carried on the back of a car. It gets the ride and the dust, and everybody hopes there will be no need to use it.

"I never can tell whether it is the Vice-President, or Medill McCormick," said one ingenuous gallery sitter to another.

"Oh, that's easy," said the second. "Both take things seriously, but Medill was named for his grandfather, who was a newspaper man, and all

newspaper men know that nothing is as serious as you think it is. Then, the top of Medill's head is round, where Calvin Coolidge has a plateau. Not exactly handsome, either of them," she concluded comfortably, "but the wives have the good looks and style in both these families."

Vice-Presidents don't get much chance to shine, really. We never really began to know Mr. Coolidge until he became President, though Mrs. Coolidge had registered quite definitely and delightfully in the social consciousness of the National Capital. With Roosevelt it was different. It took more than a bolster to smother him, and more than a trapdoor to keep him down.

Mr. Marshall was no mere figurehead, of course, but neither was he a limelighter. His position was very awkward, because he differed vitally from the Wilson policy in many things, and his friends knew it. I don't believe his enemies ever found out; they certainly didn't get it from Mr. Marshall.

He steered a safe course and dodged the rocks and shoals and reefs like a master seaman. He never committed a breach of good taste. I don't think any man ever left a public position with so many friends and so few enemies. And Mrs.

Marshall was a big factor in establishing that record.

You mightn't be fearfully impressed when you look at the President, but you can't forget that he had a spectacular career as governor of Massachusetts. People seem to think that a man who could subdue a strike of policemen was a good man to have on guard, even when all is quiet on the Potomac.

But there isn't any doubt about Mrs. Coolidge. She has certainly helped sweeten the social soufflé of official Washington. She has graced parties big and late, small and early. She has been patroness for this and that. Her motto is "One church, one club, one husband, one political party." It's a wise old motto! She even stays in Washington in August, when anyone is in danger of being mired in the melting asphalt, believing that she can add to her husband's comfort. Devotion could go no further!

Speaking of patronesses, one young man recently decided to abolish them. He declared for the independence of the girls and, fired with fervor, he voted that the highest tribute they could pay the modern miss was to remove the platoon of patronesses from the social scene.

One wise woman took the fervent youth gently by the ear and led him to a secluded spot.

"Do you know why they have patronesses?" she asked him.

"Yes, to spy on the girls," he replied indignantly.

The wise woman shook her head.

"No, dear boy, that's not the reason. Did you ever hear of a thing called charity? Well, charity is one of the stepping-stones to society. This is a system—a terrible system, I'll admit—but an approved system for squeezing money from the rich and giving it to the poor. They lay for the privilege of being a patroness. High up socially, they don't pay much. They lend their name. But the lower you go on the social scale, the higher you climb financially. Being patroness is one way of buying your way into society. You can't abolish them. Ask the treasurer! You have a lot to learn about the world and its way yet, laddie, but your patroness is no spy. She is a financial necessity."

The youth, enlightened and subdued, withdrew his motion. The patroness remains.

Mrs. Coolidge belonged to the socially elevated, who lend their name. It is the still obscure who hand out the biggest checks.

In dress Mrs. Coolidge prefers a Tremont Street conservativeness to the more ultra models calling for an act of faith and one shoulder strap.

Do you remember that blood-red suit Mrs. Coolidge had when she first came as our "Second Lady"? The wool for that was grown on one of the Vanderbilt estates, and the material was a gift from the people working there.

She doesn't have to go out to shop now. Importers crave the honor of sending crates of exclusive models to the White House for her choice.

Doing shopping at home is not the exclusive prerogative of the President's wife. I know one Washington woman who had seventeen crates of spring hats sent down from New York from which to make her choice. And Mrs. Medill McCormick finds the world too full of big interesting things to waste much time on clothes. So she practically has a buyer in New York. If she needs a hat, a suit, a gown, a wire brings it speeding down.

Abolishing the Bustle

The Lady of the White House can exercise quite an influence on fashions, and often has.

Did you ever hear about how Mrs. Cleveland abolished the bustle?

In those days, Congress didn't spend so much time in session, and newspaper men from other states, reluctant to return to their home towns during the recess, resorted to every trick to justify their continued existence in Washington.

There were about fourteen of them who used to meet each day, and after conference, some one usually succeeded in digging out a story worthy of transmission.

One day there was nothing, absolutely nothing. They sat disconsolate, fearing an immediate recall, owing to the dearth of news in the Capital.

"Can't we send a society item?" suggested one.

"Yes, if you've got one; there isn't a line in sight now," replied a second.

"Then let's manufacture one," said the first.

There they sat solemnly trying to think of something that would do.

"I've got it!" said the originator of the idea. "Let's say that Mrs. Cleveland has decided to abolish the bustle."

"Brilliant!"

They sat and scribbled, and in an hour the message was being sent broadcast—a message that was to revolutionize the fashion of the day.

Mrs. Cleveland was young and beautiful then,

and the nation looked to her as a guide in such matters. It was a trivial thing, of course, and she didn't consider it worth a contradiction. Yet if she appeared in the old-fashioned bustle after this definite statement to the contrary, it would mean so much explanation.

So she did the simple, courteous thing, and immediately ordered a gown without a bustle.

Exit the bustle!

And the man who did it afterwards became a great editor.

Whether or not Mrs. Coolidge is to bring about any revolution in dress remains to be seen.

Burdens and Beatitudes

The duties of a President's wife are not set forth in any handy book on etiquette, but here are a few of the things she is expected to do. Expected, really, is rather a mild term, for some of the letters contain demands, even threats, but not all, for there are also earnest pleas and gracious petitions.

She must paint the farmhouse and the barn; provide a new tractor; send a gasoline engine and some dynamite; lift the mortgage; supply cows; buy stock for setting up deserving Republicans in business; prevail on her friends to purchase

butter and eggs from the Blank farm; send girls to Europe to study music and art; provide wardrobes for social aspirants; launch debutantes; adopt babies; educate orphans; send just ONE handkerchief to be raffled at the bazaar; autograph just ONE photograph to sell at the church fair; dress ONE doll; and get pensions for everybody.

Every day brings some new appeal, and to all of them there must be a courteous response, though neither picture nor cow, autograph nor doll is sent. There are no exceptions to prove this rule. It has to be inflexible.

Life is full of prayers, threats, demands, and simple requests. But if you are built on the Coolidge plan, you can do it and keep smiling.

There is a basic cheerfulness in Mrs. Coolidge's make-up, and much tolerance, but perhaps that three years with the deaf and dumb has helped her more than anything else. It has taught her to be patient and made her adaptable. It enables her to endure—yes, endure—the burdens and beatitudes of her position.

THOMAS D. SCHALL, THE BLIND CONGRESSMAN

MRS. THOMAS D. SCHALL

A CONGRESSMAN'S wife in overalls! Did you ever meet her? No! I thought not. You don't find her at the women's clubs, at the bridge luncheons, or at receptions. You never will see her jazzing till dawn. Her life is too full of work, of sacrifice, and, most wonderful of all, of a great joy for what she has achieved.

One door in the House Office Building bears the inscription, "Thomas D. Schall, Minnesota."

Inside you find Thomas Schall, the blind Congressman, and Margaret, his wife. Not alone his wife, but his eyes, his secretary, in very truth his helpmeet.

She is short of stature, with tiny hands and feet, blue eyes that twinkle, and a mass of wavy, blonde hair, and as a sartorial setting for these she wears—blue overalls!

"I began to wear them in wartime," she says, "when we didn't have much money for dresses,

and they are so comfortable and convenient, I always wear them for the office."

Just think of it! They were both at college, and Margaret first saw him when a thrilling baseball game was being played. There were jeers at the losers, followed by a lesson in manners. Tom Schall leaped in with handy fists, and diverted attention from his vanquished comrade, who had got mixed up in it.

Margaret Huntley saw it! She wasn't surprised when she learned that his middle name was David. You know how it is with girls!

They were both prize winners; Tom won all the oratorical honors, and Margaret gathered in the trophies for French and German. They hadn't much to start with in their matrimonial partnership but a great faith.

Tom had struggled from obscurity as a chore boy, bootblack, newsboy, and janitor to his own law office in Minneapolis.

It was a small office, neither crowded with furniture nor clients. Some who sought assistance paid for his services in farm produce. One offered a dilapidated old cider press in exchange for legal advice.

But the two youngsters playing the game of

Life laughed at obstacles, and Margaret managed the little apartment called home with the same economy and energy that Tom showed in the office.

There were four happy years, with success just in sight, then—tragedy.

The hand of Fate shut off forever for Thomas Schall the sight of the world and the face he loved. An electric cigar lighter had short-circuited, and was the instrument of destruction. He was blind.

"What shall I do?" he cried in despair to his brave little wife. "Oh, what shall I do? Sell shoe-strings on the street corner?"

"No, dear," said Margaret Schall. "I will be your eyes, and you shall still practice law."

He had grappled with Fate from the cradle, but this was the acid test. Could he read aright life's problems through her eyes? Could he meet men in combat, with only a woman's hand to guide him?

"She has never failed me—never!" That is the tribute he pays her after long, long years of unchanging night.

Margaret Schall studied law, in order to brief her husband's cases. Unlike the seeing lawyer, he could not refer to authorities or notes. He had to depend entirely upon his memory. At first she had to read and reread the facts for him to mem-

orize. But the darkness has led to greater concentration, and now, after one reading, he is almost letter perfect.

Together they have fought the demon of darkness, and together they have won. But there were times when even his wife didn't know the blackness of his soul or the despair that threatened to overwhelm him—times when he wondered if it were not best to escape from his eternal night! Why cumber the earth and be a burden to others? But the brave little woman in overalls by his side always dispelled the gloom.

There was a faint chance held out in the early days, an operation which meant restored sight, or death. But the chance was so small!

Success at law rewarded their gallant effort, and Thomas Schall decided to enter politics. He is now serving his fourth term.

Margaret didn't know anything about politics then; now she loves them. So closely are the Schalls associated that when newspapers out home publish the Schalls' pictures, there is generally the caption: "This is the team for us."

I was sitting talking to the blind Congressman one day when his wife had been called out of the room.

"She is my eyes, she is my pencil; it was she who had faith in me, and gave me courage to go on when the world went black. I have never seen her in overalls, but I know that she wears them with as much grace as she wore her silkiest dress—when I could see."

Mrs. Schall knows all about the bills her husband drafts; in fact, she has drafted many of them, and knows their status and popularity. She knows and loves the people he represents. They are her people, too.

People have found fault with Tom Schall for appointing his wife as secretary.

"It would be so easy for a disinterested secretary to deceive a blind Congressman," he answers, "and, incidentally, to lighten his own labor. But with my wife, whose interests are my own, nothing is neglected. In fact, I think we hold the record for answering Congressional mail within twenty-four hours," he adds proudly.

Tom Schall was a little apprehensive when he set out on his first campaigning trip, with a chauffeur to guide him. When he came home, he told his wife of his success with his audiences.

"Why, kid, it's just like taking candy from a sick baby!"

Then Mrs. Schall decided to get into the game. She drove the car and selected the location for him to speak when they reached town.

"It's important to get a good background, and to have the wind blowing toward the audience, not away from it. Local committeemen don't think of those things!"

Quite true! It takes a woman to weld the practical and artistic.

I remember one campaign they had. When Tom was speaking, Margaret would take a hammer and handbills and decorate the town.

Do you know, they went abroad in 1918, and Margaret Schall was granted special permission to accompany her husband into the front-line trenches. At Fiume she was under fire, and she translated for her husband's sightless eyes the pages of history that were being written in blood.

Even after they were homeward bound, her courage was again put to the test. The first day out, the *Mt. Vernon,* on which they sailed, was struck by a submarine. Mrs. Schall had arisen early and was fully dressed when the shock came. She hurried below to assist her husband and bring him on deck. Then she tied him to her waist by a rope, and as they were both good swimmers,

she was prepared to guide him at sea, just as she did on land.

When they came on deck, she electrified the captain by her cheery "Good morning, Captain." No hysterics, no weeping, not even an audible prayer. Is it any wonder that he recommended that she be cited for bravery when in great danger, and that his request was granted!

Even her husband marveled at her extraordinary coolness.

"Why, I knew we couldn't be drowned, because the lines in my palm show a rescue from shipwreck."

Mrs. Schall, I may tell you, is a wonderful palmist, and her rescue at sea is not the only prediction that has come true.

She doesn't wear her decoration. "I'm saving it to give to Peggy when she is old enough to appreciate it," she says proudly.

Although Peggy has a wonderful nurse, it does hurt to refuse her pleading "Take Peggy, mother," when Mrs. Schall leaves for the office every day.

Peggy has two brothers, Tom, Jr., and Dick, and they seem to have solved the question of perpetual motion. Hence the farm in Maryland.

Margaret engineers a ragged Ford out to the

country when the day's work is done. That is home—home with plenty of space to romp with the children, an orchard, a vineyard, and quite an ambitious vegetable garden.

This home which Tom Schall loves so well he has never seen, except through the eyes of his wife.

But sadder still, he has never seen the faces of his children.

He knows only the picture that mother-love paints.

SOCIAL PUBLICITY

IF you look in the telephone directory in Washington, you will find about a hundred Hugheses. Yet when you say "Mrs. Hughes", everyone knows exactly whom you mean. There is no need to say "Mrs. Charles Hughes", or "Mrs. Charles Evans Hughes". She is simply THE Mrs. Hughes.

The real test of social superiority is evidently not the accumulation of distinguishing names, but the ability to discard them all and retain your identity. If some day there is a Smith or a Brown in the White House, it will be the same. Should we have half a dozen Representatives with the name, say, Johnston, it is the one who becomes THE Johnston and can discard the baptismal tag who has surely achieved distinction.

And so with his wife. When you can say "Mrs. Johnston", denoting a specially distinctive woman who needs no qualification for identification—then the prestige of being THE Mrs. Johnston is hers. In short, she has arrived. And so it is in addressing people of high rank; you throw the superfluous

names overboard. The higher you go, the less labeling you need.

But oh, what importance is attached to names—names that look well in print! People are often invited to functions not because of their brains or wit or beauty, but because of their name. Conversationally they may be like unto cold pudding, and be as graceful as an old bus horse, but if they bear a name that looks well in the newspapers, they are acquitted of all else. If you don't believe me, just watch the social columns. If there is any other justification for asking some of the frequent guests, I'd like to know what it is.

Why, many hostesses are quite candid about it!

"I'm so sorry to put you next to Mrs. Blank. I know she's such a bore—but—"

A gentle pressure on your elbow as she propels you toward your fate. A flicker of an eyelash, a quirk at the corner of her mouth—you understand the signs. She has taken you into her confidence.

Perhaps the bore is influential in the D. A. R., president of a literary club, has a cousin married to a countess, or a husband in the Cabinet. Or it may be dollars that afflict her! But she is a welcome guest. Oh, you know the kind, I'm sure.

The value of a name is not overlooked by hotels

and restaurants either. I remember the wife of a one-time noted Senator, who was chaperoning two schoolgirls in New York. One of the girls had a beau, who decided to entertain the little party at dinner. He was arranging with the proprietor of a restaurant that had at one time been very fashionable, but which had somehow fallen from grace.

The shrewd proprietor, realizing that the youth hadn't much money, offered to provide the entire dinner, decorations and all, if he were permitted to publish an account of the party next day, stating that the Senator's wife was the hostess. The boy, seeing no harm in it, agreed.

It was a charming little dinner, and the chaperone was apprehensive as each course was served, knowing that the boy was no Rockefeller.

"I'm afraid your friend is a very extravagant young man," she said to her protégé. "But it was a charming dinner."

Next day she read with amazement an account of the dinner *she* had given. Later the boy confessed how the story had been fabricated, so that the restaurant might appear to be regaining its old patronage.

The publicity side of entertaining is made mani-

fest in the compilation of invitation lists. Each day social and official circles are combed for news of dinners, dances, and parties. In the desire to have the news first, newspapers often anticipate the event, and you may read a full account of the party before you go to it, even to the dresses worn.

But there is another social grade, the dear old Climbers. They issue invitations to all sorts of people who never by any chance accept, and then send their invitation list to the newspapers for publication.

There is nothing to stop their sending invitations to Mrs. Hughes, Princess Cantacuzene, Mrs. Coolidge, Princess Bibesco, Madame Jusserand, Lady Geddes, or the Haniharas. And there is no law—criminal law—to prevent these invitation lists being published in the press. The Climbers recognize no social law—yet. All's fair in love and war and social exploitation!

This is a sort of social false pretence, but it is done daily by certain people and associations. They know these guests will never, never accept. They don't expect them to. It is all a bluff.

There are other Pushful Persons, usually with money, resource, and brass-bound sensibilities.

Society has not yet opened its door to them, so they decide to pick the lock.

A new official is appointed or a foreign celebrity arrives in the city. They are promptly on the scene with their request:

"I want to give a little dinner in your honor; what night will suit you—Thursday of next week? No! Then perhaps the following Tuesday? No! Well, what about the Friday after? No! Then let us make it Wednesday three weeks, if that will suit you!"

In despair, seeing no hope of lying an escape through the whole season, the newly arrived capitulates. Then the Pushful Person sends out invitations to other great and near-great, baiting the hook with the celebrated guest of honor. Some, out of pity for the guest, accept. Others, genuinely grateful, are willing to come. In this way social indebtedness is incurred, and the Pushful Person receives reciprocal invitations.

One aspiring matron on the fringe of the official set decided to capture society in one fell swoop.

Her husband, no less ambitious, was her guilty accomplice. She planned a wonderful dinner party of thirty—thirty carefully selected people.

If she carried this, it would put the imprimatur of society on her forever; she felt sure of it.

The caterer was engaged, the decorations ordered, and the household in a tumult of expectancy.

"It is such a pity," she naïvely confided to me, "but I have planned my dinner for the most unfortunate night. Everyone seems busy. Do you know I have had twenty-eight regrets from the thirty I invited."

Then, following the Scriptural example, she sent out into the highways and byways, and gathered in, at very short notice, a group of willing participants in the revelry—people whose combined social tonnage wouldn't sink a bag of kittens. But the grateful guests didn't know of the tragedy that underlay that party; of the strategic social advance that failed.

These people are usually great students of books of etiquette and social usage. They like to be letter perfect. By the way, one of the latest guidebooks through this wilderness states that at the conclusion of the party, the debutante shall say to the hostess, "I've had a perfectly WONDERFUL time!" But the hardy annual merely says, "Good-by!" The omission of "wonderful"

indicates that she is not newly hatched socially, and the wonder has quite worn off. Enthusiasm goes with the bud, but a more blasé air becomes the seasoned campaigner. Now don't forget!

A noted artist who was in Washington for a few days, met a friend by appointment at one of the Women's Clubs. She just breezed in and out again, a matter of minutes. But a paragraph was rushed to the papers next morning that the famous portrait painter had dined there the previous night. So trivial, but good publicity.

Have you heard the latest term for "Publicity Agent"? That has become so commercialized—smells of trade—that in more exclusive circles it has been replaced with the dignified phrase "Press Attaché." No, I don't know whether or not they wear cocked hats and swords, but they are sure to bear some insignia of office—they'd have to with that title. Yes, I believe the term is more favored by women.

Can't you remember a number of people at one time waiting in the social shallows, who now can swim—without wings? They splashed a bit at first, and some nearly drowned at the deep end—nearly. Now they are entitled to the freedom of

the social pool. Well, if they are satisfied with what they got for what they gave—why worry?

New arrivals, of course, come in for special entertainment in Washington, and there are always new arrivals on tap. Much of this emanates from a real desire to be courteous to strangers within the gates, and is quite apart from the system of exploitation for personal advantage.

And you find one group which actually shuns publicity. Their invitation lists are not sent to the press; their entertainments are not starred; their parties are a personal pleasure and not a public proclamation. Here you generally find real people—men and women who have no need for publicity to insure their position; or whose prestige is not imperiled by contact with other than the socially elect. Their invitations are issued with a desire to extend hospitality and not to win notoriety. When making up the list they are concerned with the person himself, and not with how his name will look in print.

MRS. WILLIAM E. BORAH

THE first time Mrs. Borah, "Little Borah" her intimate friends call her, dined at the White House was during the Roosevelt administration. It must be fifteen or sixteen years ago. She was a quiet little mouse, with soft, golden hair, and she was shy—very shy in public. She had just arrived from Idaho, and was awed by the Capitol, overwhelmed by the White House, and thought all Senators superior beings. I can see her now as she used to sit, day after day, hanging over the gallery, her face alert—listening. And when Billy Borah spoke!

I think this dinner was the first time she had met President Roosevelt, and she was very nervous and apprehensive.

"My dear," she said to me next day, "It was wonderful. I sat next to the President—on his left. When the man in uniform showed the plan of the table, and I saw where I was to sit, I thought I'd die. I didn't know what to talk about."

Mrs. Borah did not venture to open her mouth until after the first course. Then she said timidly:

"I saw your friend, William Allen White, when we passed through Kansas the other day."

That did the trick.

"I think White's book, *Stratagems and Spoils,* the best political story ever written," replied the President, alight with enthusiasm. "I have just sent a copy of it to Jusserand for a birthday present."

One of Theodore Roosevelt's first questions to her was:

"How many children have you, Mrs. Borah?"

"I wanted to tell him I had nine," she confided to me. "I knew he would like me better, but I thought it best to tell the truth, and say I had none."

There had been a much jewelled group at the dinner that night, their first big dinner party, and on the way home, Senator Borah said to his wife:

"Did you feel very much out of it, Mary, without any jewelery?"

Amazed, she answered, "Why, I never thought of it, I was so excited."

Little Borah found her first social pilgrimage in the Capital rather an ordeal. It is an old story now, but still a vivid memory in that active brain housed beneath the fluffy golden hair.

Being a newcomer, she had to pay her calls, so she faithfully set out. At the first house she came in shyly. The hostess was talking to a group of friends, and took no notice of the name announced, but extending a limp hand diagonally, continued her conversation.

"He didn't exactly eat with his knife," she said, describing a recent dinner guest, "but I expected that any moment."

This met with great laughter. She was an influential hostess, and you always laugh at jokes from such a source. It makes you popular; it's tact.

Mrs. Borah hovered in the offing a moment, stood on the fringe of the group, then quietly slipped away.

A few days later the two met across a luncheon table.

"Why didn't you tell me you were Mrs. Borah when you called the other day?" the woman demanded. "You look far too young to be a Senator's wife."

I think it was President Monroe, when making a triumphal tour of part of the country, who was asked if he were not weary.

"A little flattery will support a man through a great fatigue," he replied.

MRS. WILLIAM E. BORAH

The subtle flattery offered by way of compensation to Mrs. Borah did not blot out the initial discourtesy, nor did the special invitations to lunch and dinner which followed. The persistent "prior engagement" soon made it evident that friendly relations were impossible.

I used to think that Mrs. Borah was afraid of her husband. That's a long time ago. When she refuses to disturb him with prayers, petitions, and threats, it isn't because she is afraid of him, but she sort of—minds him. Acts as a kind of buffer. She knows when it is timely to present these prayers, petitions, and threats, and staves them off until the mutually advantageous moment. It is bad psychology to ask the right question at the wrong moment. And always ask them after meals for preference, with any man—unless he is a dyspeptic.

When you see Senator Borah in the Senate, cutting cross sections in the air with his arms, pounding the table, and shouting his denunciation or advocacy of some measure, he looks awfully fierce. And that square chin with the naughty dimple in it! Outside he seems different. Not exactly shy, oh, no, but aloof. He isn't gregarious. She has fairly to drag him to a party.

Every morning he rides in the park before going to the Senate. He told me, with a slow, crinkly smile, that he found one horse a pleasant change from four hundred men, and Jester is a very intelligent horse.

Out in Idaho, people say that Mrs. Borah is as good a politician as her husband. That's natural, perhaps, on account of her early training, for her father was governor of the State before she got married, and she was with him a great deal. She realizes the strain of political life. You've got to keep things running smoothly at home if you want the rough edges of life left on the mat when a weary or exasperated man comes in the door. Ask any official wife!

One of Mary Borah's chief activities is taking care of shell-shocked soldiers. There are quite a number of these, mentally unbalanced, who invariably claim her as their next-of-kin. When a fatherly cop gathers one in for abnormal behavior, for not realizing the difference between *meum* and *tuum*, or for betraying that he has met a bootlegger, the poor fellow will refer the authorities to Mrs. Borah for bail. She is a very sympathetic Aunt Mary.

They pay her surprise visits at all hours. I have

met many a wild-eyed, half-crazed soldier sitting on her best couch, while she persuaded him to go back to the hospital or coaxed him to abandon some dangerous scheme.

The Senator says he never knows whom he will find when he gets home. And cooks have left in violent protest at the call for emergency meals at any hour, to feed hungry soldiers who may have lost count of time and place.

Though Little Borah hasn't been to the East, there is a distinct Oriental note about the furnishings. Japanese pictures and hangings speak of the Land of the Rising Sun, and a wonderful old Chinese cabinet is a newly acquired treasure of which Mrs. Borah is particularly proud.

Three yellow canaries flit unrestricted around the Borah apartment, perching on the high back of the Philippine chairs, and singing in a shrill, yet a sweet, crescendo.

You know, Mrs. Borah always reminds me of these canaries, with her fluffy yellow hair, bright eyes, and quick movements. These birds, by the way, are a matter of grave superstition among the negroes, and Amanda follows Virginia in quick succession through the Borah household. It is hard to catch a darky who is superstition proof.

If she is, she is likely to be afraid of the strange look in the eyes of the soldier protégés who roam the apartment frequently.

I dropped in to see Mrs. Borah one morning in the winter. It was raining, and the Senator had just returned from his ride. He was wearing a slicker like a policeman's coat, and was still smiling at an encounter he had had with a woman in the park.

She was evidently the type which considers it extravagance to waste courtesy on a cop, and she demanded directions of Senator Borah in a very peremptory tone. The directions were given.

"You are a guide, aren't you?" she asked, a sudden doubt apparently assailing her.

"There are people who don't think I am," the Senator had replied, but the subtle answer was lost on her.

"Billy knows every animal in the Zoo by its first name," said Mrs. Borah. "How are all your friends to-day?" she asked him.

He told of a big, happy, squawking duck sitting on the edge of a pool. It was to be the next meal for the boa constrictor, which would crowd the live bird down its endless neck and then lie in a

comatose state for days until it had absorbed it, feet and feathers.

"Yesterday I saw a wee, unsuspecting little pig cuddle up to a python, as though to keep warm. To-day the python has a large protuberance, for the little piggy has involuntarily gone inside—to keep warm."

"A pity you don't do that to some of the Senators," said Mrs. Borah, laughing.

There was an enigmatic smile on the Senator's face as he picked up his hat and headed out the door to the House of Four Hundred Men, where they don't feed pigs to pythons, and even lame ducks aren't swallowed whole.

"You don't see Mrs. Borah out much socially," I remarked one day.

"She's been here too long—they nearly all get that way after four terms," was the reply. "I believe Joe Cannon's daughter is the conscientious exception."

MRS. MEDILL McCORMICK

"EVER hear about my Bargains in Bulls?"

Mrs. Medill McCormick crossed her legs and hugged one knee. She was in her riding suit, dark and well-tailored, with a soft shirt, and her hair was dressed low to fit her hat.

She leaned forward as she spoke, her face alight with interest, her dark eyes smiling humorously.

"Breaking into the farming community isn't easy—not even if you are a millionaire. They seem to hate you for that—distrust you. But it is business, and the farmer will eventually listen to arguments based on dollars. He's no different from any other business man," she added.

"I had bred a lot of young bulls, and I was trying to persuade the farmers that it was just as cheap to feed a pure-bred bull as a grade one, and much more profitable. The farmer was very conservative. He wouldn't buy. He suspected some trick; he hated the idea of being taught anything by a city woman. So I put up a big notice on my farm gate:

'BARGAINS IN BULLS'

"It was no good. The farmer wouldn't buy, not even at $25. So I stopped an old man one day, and asked him why he wouldn't come in on my bull bargain.

"The old man said that he had farmed all his life the way he was doing it now, and that was good enough for him. He didn't want any new-fangled notions.

"At the last I offered to give him a bull for nothing.

"'If you send it over, I'll turn it out on the road,' he said gruffly, and drove on.

"That was a few years ago. But I stuck to it and persevered, and now you should see the farmers coming over to buy my young bulls."

I happened to be listening in on this conversation one day when Ruth McCormick was telling a stranger about her adventure in the dairy business, and it struck me as typical. That's the kind of woman she is. Thorough!

She was a millionaire, of course, before she married the McCormick millions. It was ten years before any babies came. Then one, little Katrine, became very ill, and Ruth discovered that most of the milk being sold in Chicago wasn't fit for delicate children.

That started her thinking, thinking seriously. She had the money, the energy, and the ability to try her experiment. Now she runs a model dairy farm at Rock River, and does it on a business basis. She has assigned a certain sum for the purpose, and it has to cover the experiment. When the bull puts his head through the window for the tenth time, the window stays broken, if funds are low. The farm has to carry the farming expenses. But the babies of Chicago are getting better milk—pure, clean milk; and Ruth McCormick is one of the active brains at the root of the movement.

She preached in church one Sunday at Rock River. No, her text wasn't "Bargains in Bulls". But the preacher had been suddenly taken ill, and he asked her if she would speak to the congregation.

She did. Her text didn't come out of the Bible, but she got her points home, and it was a rattling good sermon. Of course, facing an audience wasn't new to her. She has been a political campaigner for many years, and she can size up the psychology of an audience quicker than most speakers.

Few women in official life have the versatility or dynamic personality of Mrs. McCormick. She is a clever politician, an ardent suffragist, a social leader, an expert horsewoman, an effective writer,

and a successful farmer. She is simple and direct in her methods, and very business-like.

As a daughter of Mark Hanna, so long the autocrat of the G. O. P., she learned the political game early. She played a prominent part in the fascinating life at the "Little White House" which had been famous for nearly a century, as the foregathering place for wit, beauty, fashion, and statesmanship.

Not even during its prominence as a political stronghold throughout the Civil War did this celebrated old Taylor Mansion on Jackson Place attain the distinction that came to it through Mark Hanna's famous country sausage and pancake breakfasts.

It has been said that hospitality and sausage often masked political batteries of the powerful Republican leader, to whom politics was the breath of life.

However, these repasts became an institution that were the joy of hotel-fed epicures and the ambition of the uninitiated into Washington society.

Ruth was her father's idol, and she accepted his friends as her own. She was particularly devoted to the Roosevelts.

While Mrs. McCormick runs the farm as a private enterprise of her own, and not as the wife of a farmer, she takes time off to keep a finger on the political pulse. She always goes with Medill on his travels, and has even learned stenography the better to assist him. Oh, she's thorough in her methods, I can tell you.

Yet she finds time to play. She loves her horses, and the whole family rides every day, every one of them. That is part of life's program.

The McCormick children are being brought up very simply, even if it is a butler who hands them the rice pudding. The mechanical marvels and extravagant toys which so often are the accompaniment of wealth don't figure on the McCormick Christmas tree.

You should see the simple, useful toys the children get. The small son, exhibiting one of his gifts, a money book, in which you stuck coins and pasted pictures over them, said, "When it's full, I'm going to buy a dress for muvver—a yellow one. I like yellow best."

And then he continued to gather the pine needles which had fallen from the Christmas tree, and to stuff little cushions with them.

I heard Ruth McCormick make a singular state-

ment once, and I always remember it. She was referring to her own upbringing.

"When I was going out to dinner, my mother always sent me to my room an hour beforehand," she said. "I often protested and said that it wouldn't take me so long to dress. But mother used to say that you owe something to your hostess, besides looking your best. Compose your mind and prepare that for the occasion, as well as your hair, and your gown—the least you can do is contribute something to the evening's pleasure."

I wonder how many people ever think of the responsibility to a hostess in this light! They expect the party to give them pleasure, but they needn't contribute anything. As a matter of fact, I don't believe many people think of the question at all. If they are enjoying themselves, they are pleasant or brilliant, according to their limitations. But if they are bored and the party falls flat, they won't exert themselves to help it out.

Mrs. McCormick's Saturday night suppers are quite a social event. She used to have them on Sundays. Here you meet the foremost people in official life—diplomats, judges, Cabinet officers, Senators, writers, and unofficial society as well.

In order to avoid that fearful barrier which

precedence erects, Mrs. McCormick does not seat her guests in the orthodox way. This is one of the few places where the varying grades can meet on equal terms. They dodge about among small tables where supper is served, and the great and near-great hobnob with the less great.

It is strictly informal, but delightful. She is an excellent hostess, easy, gracious, teeming with interest, and steeped in practical knowledge on many phases of life. When she talks, she knows what she is talking about. It is a change! She is always smartly dressed at these parties.

Foreign titles and simple folk eddy and swirl in the big rooms which open into each other, and are set for supper; and you get light chatter and pleasant banter, mixed with heavyweight politics, and the whole shot through with a ribbon of laughter.

When you make a list of the big women in Washington, you can't afford to leave out Ruth McCormick. She would stand alone, if she were not propped up by a Senator husband on one side, and the Hanna millions on the other. If she had been born poor and obscure she would have fought her way to the top in any case.

She is the sort you can't keep under.

MRS. MILES POINDEXTER

"LOTTIE, I wish you'd steal my silk stockings or nightgowns. I'm quite out of it—I've nothing to talk about," Mrs. Poindexter said to her colored cook when she came back from a luncheon one day.

"'Deed, ma'am," said Lottie, "I don't have to steal none of yo' stockings to give you something to talk about!"

Now, don't you think Lottie was right?

Mrs. Miles Poindexter had proved to her friends in private, to her hostesses, and her guests that her conversation wasn't dependent upon a minor domestic tragedy. She has recently convinced the reading public that the stored-up impressions of over a dozen years of Capital society have grown a very fine point to them.

You know how she broke out into print in her home paper (Spokane, isn't it?) soon after the election. She confided to the simple Westerners some of the things that happen in Washington—awful things, such as liquor being served in Congressional homes despite the Eighteenth Amendment, and

the privileges and perquisites that go with certain Cabinet jobs.

They say—but of course you know that all they say isn't true—that Miles was most annoyed, that he didn't come home till quite late the night the storm broke. For of course the storm broke when the Spokane papers reached Washington.

Now, the righteous ones are demanding the names of all breakers of commandments and conventions in the great Capital city.

"She's most indiscreet!" remarked one Cabinet wife. "Most indiscreet, I call it. Why, if I said those things my husband wouldn't——"

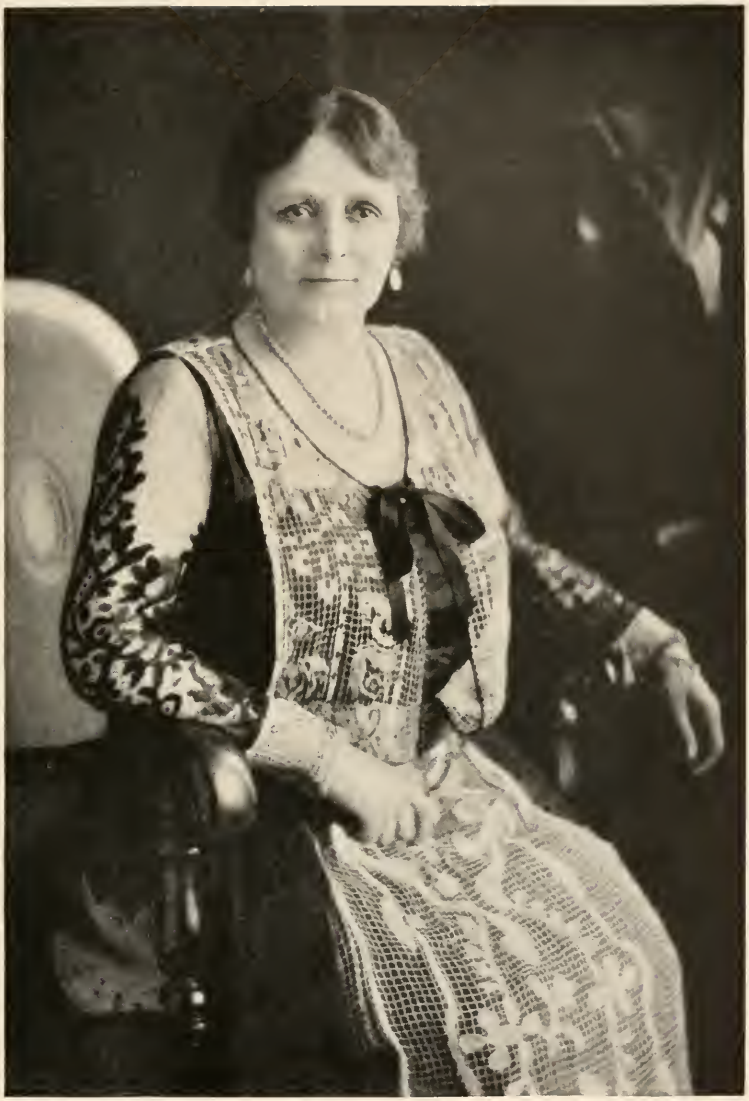
"Get a diplomatic appointment," a Senator's wife concluded for her, with perhaps a tinge of malice.

Mrs. Poindexter isn't the kind of woman who yields readily to restrictions—undue restrictions she might call them—and apparently she is not going to permit diplomacy to tie her tongue.

As a girl she was a wild, attractive, open-air youngster, who made friends with all the stray dogs and quaint characters in the neighborhood.

She was playing tennis one day, when a newly arrived, eligible young man was being introduced.

"Come here, my dear," said a matron to the



MRS. MILES POINDEXTER

future Mrs. Poindexter. "I want you to meet Mr. Blank."

"The man hasn't been born that I would cross the tennis court to meet. He's got to come to me," and she served a smashing ball across the net.

I have an idea that young man is now a brother-in-law.

When Miles Poindexter arrived in town some time later, he made a habit of having Sunday supper at her home. I really believe she married him to cure him of the habit.

The Miles Poindexter wedding wasn't fashionable in the accepted sense. The bride-elect insisted on inviting all the stray dogs and strange creatures that she had made her friends. The wedding gifts didn't make the imposing array of silver and crystal that went to the furnishing of her sister's home.

No, indeed, but there was a genuine affection behind each simple gift that came from those poor old people, the cobbler and the carpenter, and all the others.

There is more than a dash of Indian blood in Mrs. Poindexter's veins; but I think it is from her Irish paternity that she gets her sense of humor.

She seldom goes anywhere that the fun does not

outweigh the boredom. And she doesn't mind if she affords the other guests equal amusement. She laughs at the insistence on precedence by many of the lower-rank officials, but I fancy she is a bit of a stickler for her proper place.

Some carry this code to extreme. At official functions it is right to observe it, but it does seem absurd to carry it into purely friendly affairs.

I remember a luncheon given by the wife of an author. The guests, numbering about a dozen, were a group of social and official women, gathered together simply because the hostess liked each one personally. There was no political tag to the little party.

They sat around after lunch, chatting merrily, for it was a dull winter day, and the fire crackled invitingly indoors. One woman had an appointment with the dentist, but she sat and sat, and fidgeted, and looked worried. Then a Senator's wife—I have forgotten whether it was Mrs. Towner or Mrs. Borah—realizing that she was the highest ranking official present, got up, went to the door, permitted the custodian of the aching tooth to liberate herself and go, and then returned to the cosy fireside.

Now did you ever hear anything so absolutely

silly, at a little family gathering, you might almost call it!

Indeed, there are some Congressmen's wives who resent one of lower grade—that is one who has been in the Capital a shorter period—stepping into an elevator in front of them.

Mrs. Poindexter, of course, as I have said, is very frank and outspoken. You must admire her candor, even though you condemn her indiscretion.

Have you heard the latest conundrum?

"Is indiscretion the key to diplomacy, or is it to be found with good intentions—making paving stones to hell?"

Ask Mrs. Poindexter. She says that she wasn't indiscreet, merely truthful. What she said, other people thought, but hadn't the courage to say. It was the interpretation put upon her remarks, she claims, that caused the trouble.

I don't think the Denbys realized how thrice blessed they were, until the fact was pointed out. They hadn't noticed those special perquisites that went with the Navy job—the decorative effect of uniforms at their receptions. I think Mrs. Poindexter ought to write a book, and call it "The Awakening of Washington".

I told you how she faced up to Mrs. Borah, when

that little lady offered condolence on the Poindexter defeat. When Mrs. Medill McCormick expressed regret over the same catastrophe, Mrs. Poindexter again had her fling.

"Why didn't Medill come out and speak for him, if you were so anxious to have Miles elected?" she asked.

"Now, why didn't you ask me instead?" said Ruth McCormick, laughing. "I'd have come like a shot!"

The Poindexters lived in a house in Washington, not an apartment, and Mrs. Poindexter took her share in the household duties. Knowing how men grow weary of hotel-cooked food, she often offered her old friends the solace of a nice home-cooked dinner. It wasn't a party, it was a case of joining the family—a much greater privilege, really.

One man had some special fancy, I have forgotten whether it was rice pudding or having his coffee with his dinner. Lottie was made aware of the fact, and all was well.

A year later the same man came to dinner again, and this time his wish was anticipated.

"You've a wonderful memory, Mrs. Poindexter," he said, noting the preparation.

"Don't thank me," said Mrs. Poindexter.

"Lottie had a look through the door at you, and remembered your taste. She is a marvel that way. She has only to serve a guest once, and she remembers whether he likes his steak rare or French dressing on his salad."

Mrs. Poindexter seems to sense the perils of Washington society with amazing perspicacity. On one thing she is particularly emphatic—that is the necessity for wives to accompany their husbands to the Capital.

I don't know whether this is a tribute to the charming Washington women, or an indication of weakness in Congressional husbands. But the fact remains that many a romance has been wrecked on that reef. Before she left for the wonders of Peru, Mrs. Poindexter tried to tie a warning bell to that rock. She proclaimed to the women of the world—Congress, Senate, official, social, and diplomatic wives—"DON'T allow your husband to come to Washington alone. You owe a duty to him and to yourself, as well as to your children. There are flappers and buds, wily widows, grass and sod; matrons and grandmothers, and strange, alluring spinsters. If you love him, hold his hand, lest he perish in this whirlpool—this social Washington."

CABINET WIVES

I HAVE told you that the wives of the present Cabinet are not brilliant social stars; they are more like the Milky Way. You know, originality isn't comfortable to live with. It's all right to read about. I mean originality in wives.

There is always a breathless pause before the announcement of a new Cabinet. The men and the politically minded women may be intensely interested in the capability of the chosen, but most of the women—well, they are just dying to get a glimpse of the wives. What is she like? Is she smart or dowdy? Is she a bee or a butterfly? Does she scratch or merely purr? Oh, I've heard them, over and over again, as each new Cabinet has been announced.

Of course the difference between Cabinet and Congress is the difference between selection and election. You might call them the "Select" and the "Elect". The Cabinet comes under the heading of "Select".

They escape the travail of an election campaign; yet on the result of the election depends Cabinet

selection. Cabinet rank often falls to a good political campaigner, but defeat is not a personal affair, it belongs to the party.

After an election there is a wave of great expectancy. Afraid lest opportunity knock and find them absent, crowds flock to Washington. A Cabinet is chosen, and the personnel of staff must be appointed. Loyal party men buy tickets for the early doors, and wait and wait.

Sometimes they wait until their modest capital is all gone. I have even known them actually to sleep in the parks. Optimistic, during those early months of readjustment, they continue to hope that some niche might be found, in recompense for loyal party service rendered.

Washington is crowded with people who have served a term in Cabinet, Congress, Senate, or some official capacity, and have refused to quit. They have become barnacles on the keel of the Capital. Once they have tasted official life, nothing else will suffice.

You know the Army and Navy Club? That's full of retired colonels and ex-admirals, who cling closely to the Capital. Most of them have hobbies now—patent armament, a new gun device, a submarine attachment. Probably it won't

work, but it is a theme for lively discussion at the club; and what more could you want? They are quite harmless and unheard of, except when they want a few millions appropriated to develop a patent scheme to revolutionize war. However, they are easily silenced.

But the ex-Congressman! He is another proposition. A Cabinet appointment or perhaps a diplomatic post seems the Mecca.

Mrs. Charles Hughes

Consider the Secretary of State and Mrs. Hughes—they lead very simple lives. With age, Mr. Hughes grows more genial, and having abandoned the clerical cut of his whiskers, his face foliage now assumes more international proportions—it savors of diplomacy, a fringed setting for peaceful policies.

Mr. and Mrs. Hughes are rather distinguished looking, but I believe the Lansings were the most decorative people we had for a long time. With John Barrett standing smiling blandly on the broad marble steps of the Pan-American Building, and Mr. and Mrs. Lansing—America made a mighty good showing.

Do you remember how partial Mrs. Lansing

was to silver lace? She certainly had good taste in dress.

Mrs. Hughes is eight degrees removed from the Mayflower passenger list. Yes, really and truly. I know that boat was much overcrowded, but I think she has a label of their luggage, or a souvenir spoon, or something to prove the verity of the statement. Not that anyone would doubt Mrs. Hughes's word! She's not that kind. Her Christianity isn't veneer. She is a regular churchgoer, but she doesn't leave her principles in the pew for Sunday exercise only.

Somehow, Mrs. Hughes always reminds me of a Sunday afternoon—quiet, peaceful, serene. She doesn't get hurried or flurried. There is a gracious calm about her, yet at the same time, a lack of ardor. Perhaps she is a trifle too self-disciplined.

Her father was Judge Carter, a friend of Whistler and many other artists. He owned about fifty Whistler etchings, yes, and a Rembrandt or two. Of course, she couldn't miss a heritage like that.

The Judge had another hobby, collecting promising young law students. If he found one hampered by financial difficulties, he would invite him to read law in his office. Why, more than a

hundred men, now eminently successful, owe their early start to the Judge.

And one of them is the present Secretary of State. The Judge liked young Charles Evans Hughes, and it was with perfect confidence that he handed over his daughter, Antoinette, to the young lawyer, who was later to become Governor of New York and then Secretary of State.

If there's anything that annoys Mrs. Hughes, it is that people should misunderstand her husband.

"He isn't austere," she protests. "He is the most genial, human, jovial person."

She doesn't mind what you think about her. It is a matter of indifference. She is no lover of publicity, and her entertainments are a duty faithfully discharged. You can see that. The larger functions are held at the Pan-American Building among the parrots and the palms. Less formal parties are staged in the big house, called home, with its thirty rooms, two libraries, and a ballroom.

Last year, at the White House garden party, some one commented on a pretty frock Mrs. Hughes was wearing. It was creamy lace, with touches of dark velvet.

"I do like your new frock, Mrs. Hughes!" said one woman.

"New frock!" and Mrs Hughes smiled. "Yes, it is new. I found it in my wardrobe. I hadn't seen it for over a year, and had forgotten about it."

That's Mrs. Hughes.

Mrs. John Weeks

The Secretary of War isn't new to Washington. For nearly twenty years he has been a member of the legislature or executive.

Have you noticed how many of the official wives have been daughters of state governors, or aspirants for the office? Some day I'll make a list of them, and count heads. There are quite a lot. Politics seem to be infectious. They catch it in their youth, and it sticks.

Mrs. Weeks was brought up in a political atmosphere, because her father was John S. Sinclair of New Hampshire, who three times ran for governor. He didn't get it, but that didn't prevent the atmosphere of local politics from seeping in.

The Weeks' romance budded and blossomed in sunny Florida, and their two children have now left the parental nest, and started in the marriage business themselves.

Grandma Weeks' chief recreation seems to be the two Davidge children, and grandpa is tremen-

dously proud of the small boy who is called for him.

Well, well, how time passes! We older ones will soon be crowded off the stage.

Mrs. Henry Wallace

Some years ago, a friend met Mrs. Wallace with her latest baby.

"Why, Mrs. Wallace, I didn't know you had a baby that age."

Smiling rather proudly, Mrs. Wallace replied:

"I always have a baby that age."

Mrs. Wallace has the largest family in the present Cabinet, six, nicely balanced into three boys and three girls. The Wallace pair were always methodical!

No wonder the Wallace daughters are gilt-edged, when they inherit a golden thatch from both sides of the house. Like attracts like, they say, but it isn't often that two golden heads combine. But the "sun god's touch", as the Indian legend expresses it, had rested on the head of Henry Cantwell Wallace, and Cary May Brodhead, and there are gleams of gold in the sunlight when they roam, bareheaded, on the beautiful home estate, "Mayswood".

Do you know how the Wallace homestead got its name? Dreaming dreams, as all little girls do, little Cary May Brodhead built her airy castles in a grove of trees. There were to be pillars and porches, and fireplaces, high ceilings, an old-fashioned garden of hollyhocks and larkspur and sweet-smelling flowers. There were also to be box hedges, and this wonderful old Colonial home was to be set in a grove of trees. She wasn't planning for a career in art or literature, but all she learned was ultimately to be applied to making this dream come true.

When prosperity opened the way, Mrs. Wallace set out in search of the location. So determined was she to protect all the trees from destruction, that Mr. Wallace promptly called it "May's Wood".

Mr. Wallace was digging woolly worms at the Iowa Agricultural College when he saw May Brodhead finding out the component parts of a well-balanced meal. She did a bit of grubbing in the earth, too, and is very proud of her diploma in horticulture. When young Wallace the farmer thought of that golden-haired girl, he couldn't plow straight. He had a bad case of it, so he persuaded her to apply herself to the

problem of dietary for two. That's over thirty years ago.

Well, it was a long way home to the farm on that adventurous honeymoon. They struck a blizzard—a real Iowa blizzard, which was enough to chill the romantic ardor of less practical lovers. But they haven't forgotten their early start, and each of the half dozen offspring has been trained to be self-supporting.

Mr. Wallace, now that he is Secretary of Agriculture, is supervising the United States experiments in producing higher-grade stock and blight-proof vegetables. Recently his department evolved a new breakfast fruit, a tanjelo. This has all the flavor of a grapefruit, without its bad manners. The easy courtesy with which the tangerine conforms to breakfast etiquette has been grafted onto the grapefruit, and eliminates its tendency to spit. Really, the tanjelo is a well-behaved fruit.

Mr. Wallace was speaking of the vast improvement he hoped this would prove, and how the experts were able to eradicate unmannerly traits in the vegetable kingdom.

"Did you ever try to evolve a colic-less baby?" asked a young mother, whose pale face spoke of

sleepless nights, "or eliminate teething tendencies?"

The Secretary scratched his head and nodded. "Um—er—that's not exactly my department."

Mrs. Edwin Denby

The Denbys didn't know how fortunate they really were until Mrs. Miles Poindexter broke out into journalism, and told the world and Oregon all about it.

Everyone loves a sailor, and the naval uniforms are the most effective decorations that you could possibly have at a party. And a ship to sail in! Why, the Denbys are certainly the beloved of the gods! And to think that they didn't know it before. Well! well!

Mrs. Denby's father was Secretary during the Cleveland administration, so her school days were spent in the Capital. It was before the Secretary retired from Congress that she was captured by the most eligible of the Congressional set. They spent a six months' honeymoon in Europe, the Denby motor truck having set him on the road toward becoming a millionaire. We have had quite a lot of millionaries to whom the perfume of petrol clings!

Mrs. Albert Fall

Of the Harding Cabinet, two have retired. Secretary Fall decided that Interior Affairs were inferior affairs, and has slipped the yoke. The tall timbers and their control had something to do with the Fall resignation from Cabinet, so the wise guys say. Secretary Wallace is defending the tall timbers, just as his wife had defended May's Wood. The trees still stand.

Mrs. Fall comes of pioneer stock, and is an expert cattlewoman. After her marriage, she ran the cattle ranch, while Mr. Fall practiced law. She looked after lumber, railroad, and mining interests as well as managing the ranch out in Mexico while he was in the Capital. Did you ever taste a pat of her butter? She often sent a parcel of it across to Washington, but she herself didn't waste much time on the city.

Then there was Will Hays, the Prince of Paprika as he was sometimes called, when he infused so much pep into his campaign speeches that it endangered the sanctity of his person. His office as Postmaster General was brief. Now he purges the plays of the silver screen, and quotes Scripture to confound the Christians when they rise in wrath against his judgment.

MRS. EDWIN DENBY

I remember a speech he made before thousands of club women about a year ago. I never saw so much energy expended in oratory. He read the speech from a pile of pages, not clipped together. As he finished each sheet, he grasped it, crushed it in his hand, flung his arm aloft, menacingly, imploringly, in condemnation. Then his arm swept the horizon from right to left, with several vertical gestures, and when the end of the next page was reached, he flung the crumpled sheet violently from him and grabbed another. No one knew where the sheet was going. His aim was not true. Mrs. Thomas Winter, who was presiding, watched with apprehension, and at the conclusion she sat knee-deep in crumpled pages.

Mr. Hays was trying to convince these club women of the sincerity of his desire for movie regeneration, and was asking their coöperation. "The heart of America is sound!" repeated many times, with increasing volume, made a perfect crescendo, but it should have earned more applause than it did.

Then he drew the analogy between the baby that has to be amused to keep it from fighting and wriggling and going "Red," and the multitude of working people, who must have their amusements

—the movie—or go "Red". It was a fine piece of oratory. But when he pictured the squirming, wriggling, howling baby—he did that well—he concluded, "But if you shake a rattle in front of that two-day-old baby, it is instantly quiet."

Well, he knew they were hard-boiled, but he didn't realize how hard-boiled those club women were—and he a father, too, to make a break like that. But I may say the manuscript didn't state the age of the baby. That was an unfortunate afterthought.

It was too bad, Paprika, for they were mostly mothers, and the baby business usually gets them, doesn't it?

LIMITATION OF SOCIAL ARMAMENTS

REPRESENTING your country in Congress isn't always a money-making business. Rents are high, exorbitantly high, in Washington, and the cost of living is quite different from the old home town, with the hams on the rafter and the hens as vocal as the best publicist.

Dress is another hurdle to leap. Certain clothes are required for certain functions, and the cost must be met. It is all very well for the millionaire Senators and the near-rich. But the man who carries his stock in trade in his head, and turns that over to his country, finds it very hard to make ends meet.

Dress is a subject which requires both time and money if you mean to specialize in it. Some have the time, but not the money. Others have the money, but they are cursed with appalling ideas. You generally find the latter starting the day encrusted with beadwork and bad taste. Bejeweled for breakfast, dinner means merely the elimination of a few more clothes—half a sleeve and a slice of bodice. Some know more about

trucks than tucks, while others get more thrills out of politics than petticoats. You get them all ways.

We have heard a great deal about the Limitation of Armaments. A conference was called to discuss the problem in order to eliminate the menace of competition. The international naval race was imposing national burdens which threatened disaster, and a halt was called.

But the naval race was nothing compared with the social race, and yet we hear no suggestion of a conference for the Limitation of Social Armaments. (Senator Borah, please sit up and take notice!)

In this arena competition is so fierce that unless a limit is set, it will not only deter worthy aspirants from contesting Congressional honors, but prove disastrous to those already here. They are facing a further plunge—or social extinction. In that case, they may as well be dead as live in Washington.

Yes, I know that many of the country's representatives are dollar kings of the copper, coal, or cash variety. While they sit in Senate, their wealth grows overnight. Others are merely rich. Quite a few, whose wealth is won with head or hand, find all private income stopped when they

divert their one machine to the manufacture of more laws.

It is bad enough with Congressmen, but it is a few degrees worse for the Senators, and the salary leaves an ugly gap between the ins and the outs, where dollars are concerned.

To find a home in Washington is the first and worst problem. The city knows you must come, and exacts a premium on the inevitable. You pay heavily for the privilege. The race begins here.

A Congressional wife from a far-away state had worn her poor, tired feet to blisters in the search for a home.

One day, accompanied by a friend, she passed the beautiful home of the Secretary of State, with its thirty rooms, two libraries, and a ballroom.

"That is Mr. Hughes's house," remarked her friend, indicating the big house.

The woman stopped a moment and regarded it critically. "What a big place! Do they rent rooms?" she asked innocently and with perfect sincerity, the prospect of renting a couple of back rooms there evidently presenting itself as a solution of her problem.

The millionaire, or half-million group, may install themselves at the Willard or Wardman

Park Hotel until some suitable mansion is vacated. Or they may prefer to dwell gregariously under one roof, where a miniature world moves laughingly and the carpets spring like velvet tripe. If you can pay, all the world is yours. If you can't—

Most of the new Senatorial families spend the first few weeks at one of the big hotels. Here they feel the thrill of triumph. It is such a delightful change from the simplicity of the home town. You merely press the button, and your wants are fulfilled.

Then the bill arrives.

Without calling it such, the Limitation of Social Armaments is discussed in family council. Immediately a more modest ménage is sought, and sought, and sought again. There are lesser hotels where the gilt is less golden, and the carpets less like tripe, though a certain pretentiousness is maintained, which seems partially to assuage the pangs of that first step down.

By ingenuity and economy, appearances are kept up in the social race, and no matter what is missing six days in the week, there is evidence of plenitude on the seventh when visitors are received.

One Senator's wife, unable to stand the financial

strain, took root in a fine old house which was being rented to roomers. But she made one stipulation—the house was hers on Thursdays. On that day no roomer roamed the corridor, and no proprietress poked her inquisitive nose from below stairs. On Thursdays the whole house was sacrosanct; it was a Senatorial residence. But it took a six-day sacrifice to make this possible.

Often little groups of near-rich dwell in limited competition among themselves; sometimes under one roof. If one had a dozen roses at her reception, the other must have two dozen. The price of the extra dozen is cut out of less competitive purchasing.

There is always an urge to struggle up another rung; to move to a bigger apartment or a hotel a trifle more ornate, and to mix with those more noted. In the struggle to reach the next rung, some ballast has to be jettisoned to let the balloon rise. And that ballast is—well, it isn't always the same. Perhaps the sacrifice is pride. Perhaps —but you know the things that are thrown overboard in the mad race for a mean objective. And after all, what is the goal?

Lunches, dinners, and teas have to be faced in this race, and the wealthy have set a standard so

high that the utmost economy is needed between parties to enable the poor competitor to keep in the picture at all. A little borrowing is done between friendly factions, and if everything isn't exactly "all wool and a yard wide" it is as near the real thing as circumstances and a Congressional salary will permit.

Like nations, whose income is spent on unproductive armaments, a pretense of power, so the money required for home and family essentials is too often expended in an effort to keep up appearances—a similar pretense.

This competition, which so often breeds jealousy, extends throughout the range of things to eat and do and wear. It permeates everything. You find it in furs as well as jewels. They start out with a rabbit coat, and aren't satisfied until they have sables. A moonstone necklace is all very well until it begets a craving for diamonds.

Mrs. Stephen Elkins

Speaking of furs reminds me of Mrs. Elkins. You know she was the daughter, wife, and mother of a Senator. It's sort of in the blood. Well, if she has one hobby, it's furs. She certainly has magnificent ones, and wears them well. She was

pouring tea in a drafty house one afternoon, and had shed her sables before undertaking the task.

Soon she began to shiver, and commented on the chilliness of the room. A kindly soul from a small town, moved to pity, immediately retrieved her own piece of rabbit from the cloakroom, and insisted on placing this rather moth-eaten scarf about Mrs. Elkins' shoulders. Mrs. Elkins continued to pour; the moth-eaten rabbit skin kept off the draft, and the sable coat hung in the cloakroom. One person at least was happy, the little woman from the small town, who had that glow of virtue which accompanies an act of supreme unselfishness.

She hadn't lived in Washington long enough to be able to grade people according to their furs. Of course, there is the sable set, the squirrel circle, the seal group, and the skunk party, as well as the mere raccoons. No, dear, I didn't say anything about the cats.

You remember Mrs. Elkins's daughter, Katherine, who married Billy Hitt after a rather spectacular social career. They got divorced about three years ago, in Paris, wasn't it? Now they are married again. Yes, quite romantic. Why did they get divorced? Really, I'm not quite sure.

One hears so many different things, and most of the rumors don't carry a birth certificate.

It wasn't like Katherine Elkins to do the hackneyed thing; it was sure to be original. The triangle and incompatibility have been worn threadbare. Temperament is really only temper in crêpe de chine instead of calico. I did hear that Billy Hitt had a very rich old aunt, or grandaunt, who loved Billy very dearly. But the grandaunt didn't like Billy's choice of wife. She had made her will before Billy got married, but she showed symptoms of changing it. Then came the divorce, and soon Billy was courting his wife more furiously than ever. I also hear that grandaunt was safely dead before the remarriage of the Hitts.

I call that picturesque, don't you?

WASHINGTON'S DIPLOMATIC SET

"EAST is East and West is West," but the twain certainly meet in Washington. Here democracy is half submerged in diplomacy. The Orient and the Occident, the Old World and the New are playfellows in the field of finesse and finance. For after all, that is the root of all the bowing and bargaining. Every right and concession, every privilege and power is eventually translated into money values. Call it what you will, that is the fundamental basis. Like the capitals in older countries, each nation has a business manager inside our city walls to facilitate friendly intercourse, to encourage reciprocity of trade, to gain as many concessions and concede as few privileges as possible, and to do it all politely. That's diplomacy!

The language of diplomacy is smooth; the barb is filed off the diplomatic tongue. But the words are not mere wind fried in oil. Oh, no! It usually takes more than five minutes to train a diplomat, and poker is an excellent school for cultivating the right facial expression. In diplomacy the victory is to the subtle, not the strong.

International tangles may become greatly involved unless women play their part. A snub, a slight, a flagrant discourtesy, and who shall say how far-reaching its effects! Petticoat government was, is, and always shall be; the method alone has changed. The present system depends more on sense than sex.

Madame Riano

Madame Riano, wife of the Spanish Ambassador, was at a dinner one night when venison was served. She remarked facetiously: "Venison! I heard some one had shot a deer in the park and here it is!"

No, there wasn't a war, but there have been wars for less. It all depends on the hostess.

When a new ambassador arrives in Washington, he pays his first visit to the Secretary of State. Afterwards, caparisoned in the trimmings of a foreign court, he makes a state call at the White House, and lays his credentials before the President. If his papers are in order, his appointment is confirmed, and the parties begin.

First he calls on the senior ambassadors, and usually sends an invitation to the whole diplomatic corps to attend a reception at the embassy. If he is married, the ladies also are invited.

The foreign representative at an embassy usually enjoys the modest title "Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary". At the Legation he is "Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary". A "Chargé d'Affaires" is the foreign representative during the absence or prior to the appointment of a fully fledged diplomat of higher rank. The larger and more important nations have embassies. The smaller and newer are content with legations. Now you know all about it!

Some of our foreign guests have tidy little personal titles. There is "Señor Don Juan Riano-Y-Gayangos, Chamberlain to His Majesty the King of Spain, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary," and "Dr. Ante Tresich Bavechich, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary for the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes."

From the ambassadorial head there is generally a whole procession of counselors, attachés, and secretaries. The Japanese numerically head the list with about twenty, and Great Britain runs a close second.

The foreign element in Washington adds a spice of variety. It creates an international atmosphere,

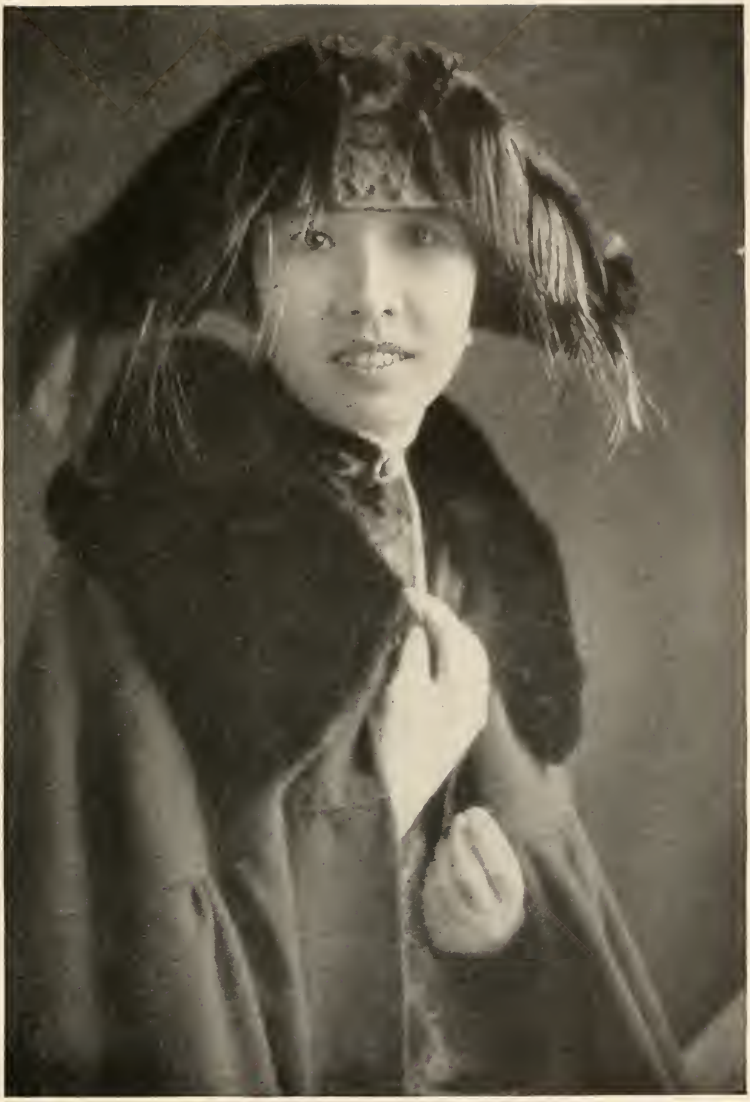
and brings that evasive East and West into closer contact.

At many of the embassies historic treasures have been brought from royal palaces abroad to provide a picturesque setting for the decorative uniforms. To this the elaborate insignia, the gold braid, the medals, and sometimes plumed hats deepen the color harmonies and add a pantomimic splendor.

Madame Sze

The Chinese Embassy, where the Sze family presides, has wonderful old lacquer cabinets, carved ivory, and still embroideries. Madame Sze is a petite figure and very dainty. Her dress is a cross between ancient Chinese and modern American. I remember this little hostess receiving alone one day. A steady stream of large and overwhelming Americans swept into her room, and the little Chinese woman, in her black velvet dress—a skirt and Chinese blouse buttoned at the throat—was quite obscured, but not the least embarrassed.

In quiet, careful English she greeted each guest, smiled, her pearl earrings bobbing with each jerky, little bow, then turned to the next, as the human ribbon unwound from the front door to the dining room.



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MADAME SZE

In the household of the Chinese Embassy two kitchens are installed—one in which Chinese food is cooked, and the other where American dishes are prepared. They serve strange delicacies and some of them have a very simple basis. A wonderful conserve aroused my curiosity one day. It was made of carrots coated in glacé sugar.

Japan, also, has sent treasures of her flowery art to outfit the home of her American representative, Mr. Hanihara. He has the funniest little gurgle in his throat when he talks, like a subterranean chuckle.

At the British Embassy, Sir Auckland Geddes exhibits with pride his latest acquisition. This is the carpet used at the Crystal Palace, London, on which Queen Victoria stood to perform the opening ceremony of that building many years ago. He also has a Persian rug with a wonderful history, which he resurrected from the royal storehouse, or attic, on his last visit.

Madame Jusserand

Madame Jusserand loves old lace, and you always see some of this at the French Embassy. Entertainments here are strictly formal. Madame Jusserand doesn't encourage the habit of turning

diplomatic calls into a circus, and there is a chilly atmosphere for the uninvited guest who merely does the round out of curiosity.

Prince Caetan, the Italian Ambassador, adds another to the city's eligible foreign bachelors. He hasn't been here very long, although he knows America well. He was a civil engineer and has worked hard on big construction works in this country. He is one of the ornamental kind, and being handsome, titled, eligible—oh, he is doomed to great popularity. He can't possibly escape.

The first official visitors found the German Embassy very cold. Frau Wiedfelt was warmly clad. A comment on the chilliness brought the reply: "We are used to it. The French have taken all our coal."

The German Embassy wasn't the center of gaiety last season, and a woolen union suit was the first necessity when calling.

An idea persists that the British and the Irish are always in conflict, and there is an hereditary enmity between them. Washington may be singular, but it does not confirm that impression. There is a most friendly interchange between the British Embassy and what is known as the "Irish Embassy", the home of the Battens. The rela-

tionship is most cordial. The Misses Batten are distinctly, if not distinguishedly, Irish, and Sir Auckland Geddes is the representative of His Britannic Majesty, so for once, at least, we find the shamrock growing at the feet of the rose, as it were.

Italy isn't the only country which is represented by a handsome, eligible bachelor. I don't know why they call Bohemia by the awkward name of Czechoslovakia, but it doesn't detract from the popularity of Dr. Berich Stepanek. He is just back from his native land. Last season his sister acted as hostess at the embassy. Speaking halting English, her slow smile, blue eyes, and loosely tossed hair seemed adequately to make up for the lack of words. It is a wordy world, at best, and we need more smiles.

Dr. Stepanek is musical. He will sit at his beloved piano—a lovely instrument, not brown or black, but old ivory in shade, matching the keys, and play the folk songs and music of his native land. I wonder how long he will be left a bachelor!

Princess Bibesco

Prince Bibesco represents Rumania. You may not have heard of him, but probably his wife has

caught your fleeting attention. She was Elizabeth Asquith, daughter of the British ex-Prime Minister and the noted Margot Asquith. He is very tall, but she is quite short, and hasn't got the rosy English complexion. She writes—writes quite cleverly and daringly. At least, she doesn't peep through keyholes. She flings open the door wide and says, "Here is a patch of life." Her book, "I Have Only Myself to Blame," is probably a truthful statement. It betrays little faith and no illusions, but much knowledge of life. And the Princess is quite young.

I think she has inherited her mother's sharp tongue. After a bridge party one night, her unfortunate partner, who had made some blunder, said very quietly, "Good-by, woman with the serpent's tongue." Throughout the game he had made no protest at the verbal flagellation he received for his error.

Wasn't it in similar terms that Kipling once referred to Mrs. Asquith, her mother?

GLIMPSES OF THE GREAT

A BIG reception at an embassy is an interesting and spectacular affair. You meet official and social America and foreign diplomacy swirling and eddying in circles, with a singular male backwash toward the corner table. What table? Why, where you hear the clink of ice in the glass, and the gurgle-gurgle-gurgle out of the decanter. You know, embassies are foreign soil technically, and once you cross the doormat, you may live under foreign rule, so far as the Eighteenth Amendment is concerned.

Lady Geddes

Probably the most notable reception one season was that given by Sir Auckland and Lady Geddes for the British Debts Commission. It was a brilliant affair! Let me paint it for you as I saw it.

Out of a bleak, gray night came the procession of staring headlights. Fur-coated women and men with tall hats emerged into the brightly lighted hall of that large, yellow house, with its lamps surmounted with the royal insignia, crowns.

The big hall, banked with palms and poinsettias, leads to the wide stairway, ascends a dozen steps, and turns abruptly to the right and left, a portrait of Queen Victoria, in her slim, girlish days, filling the wall space where the stair divides.

The men discarded their coats upstairs; the women applied last-minute touches on the first floor.

A bright coal fire threw a cheerful warmth into a room much below American temperature. A soldier in a scarlet coat and many medals stood rigid, his brilliant uniform matching the poinsettias. Around his cap was a tartan band, proclaiming his Scottish regiment.

The guests filed into the small reception room where they were announced by Mr. R. V. Tenant, the small, slim secretary, who, some one remarked, "looked like the Prince of Wales".

The bay window was filled with palms, and great silver bowls of pink roses supplied the floral decorative scheme.

Sir Auckland Geddes welcomed each guest in his big, booming voice. He wore the ribbon of his Orders and some brilliant stars upon his dress coat. Lady Geddes, who does not submerge her English complexion under powder, smiled from beneath a

bandeau of diamonds, which matched the white and silver of her gown. The host and hostess were very gracious.

Next in line came the Honorable Stanley Baldwin, British Chancellor of the Exchequer and head of the Debts Commission, and now also Premier. He was less impressive than his wife, a large lady, resplendent in black and silver. Mr. Norman Montague, head of the Bank of England, looked more like an admiral than a banker. His financial shrewdness was not evident, and he wore an old-world aspect in a modern setting. Whiskers are so disarming, I think, the mild, orderly kind, not the Bolsheviki forest, of course.

The little group of British bachelors—eight of them—who are attached to the embassy, find social Washington most responsive, and when they entertain, as they so often do, jointly and severally, there are few prior engagements that night. These handsome, eligible young men are busy stirring the social pot to keep the mixture from getting lumpy.

Scraps of conversation mingled with the music which floated down over the banisters.

"Sir Auckland's cousin has been commissioned to paint the Canadian Rockies during the four

seasons—spring, summer, autumn, and winter; a delightful experience," said Lady Geddes, but the remainder was drowned in a "Par-don, Madame," and a tall, sleek Latin curved courteously at the middle and disentangled himself from a wing of chiffon.

Near by came a hearty laugh. "Ha! ha! ha! How do I keep thin?" and Chief Justice Taft patted his waistcoat. "Oranges and discipline, that's the recipe."

"Why don't you write a book about Latvia?" a little woman in pink was saying. "But write it in English. I don't know a thing about your country."

"Ze book is already being written, Madame," replied the diminutive M. Louis Seya, Chargé d'Affaires.

"Who is that old lady over there—the one in black velvet, who looks as if she were wearing a chandelier?" as a woman with huge clusters of diamonds encrusted about her person disappeared before identification.

"Quick! There goes General Pershing—no, to the right. Isn't he handsome? I think he's adorable!" (She was very young and very pretty.)

"Which is Mary Roberts Rinehart? That one

LADY GEDDES

in black?" And two women bobbed their heads from side to side to catch a glimpse of the famous novelist.

"Here comes Baron Shidehara!" announced an elderly woman, as a group of tiny Japanese tried to leak through the crowd into the dining room. I was afraid they'd be trampled to death.

"That's not Shidehara; that is Saburi," came a man's drawling voice.

The crowd thickened to a jam. Trains were gathered in and hung over the arm. Frocks were obscured from the waist down, and at times little more than heads were visible in this sea of fashion. Many of the frocks were beautiful, and diadems clung about the curly locks of several women. Some of the gowns were beautiful; many were expensive; a few were ill-advised.

The English wife of one of the Commission remarked with surprise, "How many ladies with gray hair wear white gowns!" as if it were not usual in her country.

A tall young woman with a pretty face afforded an uninterrupted view of at least the fourteen top notches of her lean spine, a revelation justified neither on the grounds of art nor education.

Supper! It was a beautiful supper. The long

table was centered with roses, and coffee was poured by a butler at each end. A few amateurs did some unsolicited pouring of coffee as well as the butler. I saw one rudderless dame, the kind who doesn't look where she is going or go where she is looking, charge into a woman who was holding a cup of coffee in her hand.

Splash! Crash! "Oh, I'm SO sorry; I do hope I haven't spoiled your gown," said the bejeweled one whose steering gear was out of order.

"Oh, not at all! I prefer it spotted!" came from between lips that housed a mute curse. It was a new frock—ruined.

Meanwhile the butler wiped up the brown rivers that ran down the long, wrinkled, white gloves, and rushed up coffee reinforcements.

"No, thank you, no more coffee," and she of the damaged gown moved away—away toward that corner where the ice clinked merrily in the glass. In this neighborhood I think she recovered from the shock of the catastrophe.

Trays of glasses were being juggled back and forth, but fortunately the trays were round, or the corners would have hurt, as they were not held aloft, but cut a track through the crowd at its broadest point.

The obvious was not labeled, but sandwiches and other secretive devices bore a card of introduction: "chicken and celery" or "cheese and olives".

Punch, wine, and highballs, served with much discretion, brought a momentary reprieve to conscientious Congressmen. It was as I have said, foreign soil, and of course, "when in Rome, you do as the Romans do."

The music ceased, the guests trickled out the door to waiting cars, the fire died out, and there was nothing left of the party but a few little sandwiches and the soldier and the poinsettias in the hall.

THE FLORAL OFFENSIVE, OR THE BATTLE OF BUDS

AMONG the Senators are several bachelors—wealthy bachelors. To them the problem of Washington is not securing a home, but avoiding one.

When a single Senator arrives, he is much sought, politically and socially. Ofttimes his nebulous opinions are in need of molding forces. When better can these be applied than after a satisfactory dinner? Men—all men—are much more amenable to reason after meals.

The veteran campaigner knows the pitfalls of political youth, and by precept, if not example, he tries to lead the newcomer safely into the party. Republicans and Democrats are equally zealous for converts, and expend good meat and persuasion on the Senatorial recruit. His politics are nursed and nourished; tonics are administered, and surgery resorted to if necessary, so that he may grow up a healthy party man.

Sometimes the new Senator is wealthy, and there is a Bud on the family tree. Washington is a

veritable garden of such trees, and the Buds are often very sweet. Some years the crop is prolific and competition very keen.

Dear, no! I don't suggest anything unmaidenly or forward! And as for matchmaking—why, it is unthinkable! But a new man must be trained politically, socially, and domestically. Back in his home state, his horticultural training may or may not have included human buds.

In Washington, with gilded clippers in hand, he is led down aisles of American Beauties and urged to take his choice. Yet so often he seems impervious. There is no limit to the armaments used in this floral offensive, or the Battle of the Buds. But some of the Washington Senatorial bachelors have anti-matrimonial guns which have defied capture. Look at Senators Hale and Brandegee, Walsh of Massachusetts, and David Elkins! Boies Penrose resisted to the last, but Senator Edge has recently capitulated.

Few unattached men have been conspicuous in official positions in Washington, but like unattached men elsewhere—I mean unattached men of mature age and certain finances—they are objects of great interest to the discreetly hopeful widow. Nor are they overlooked by the unappro-

priated blessings, that vast army of spinsters which forms a generous share of Washington society.

The Speaker of the House, Fred Gillett of Massachusetts, was for many years the hope and despair of Washington women. Though he is seventy-two, he didn't surrender to the long siege until a short time ago.

Senator Hale of Maine, whose father did the spade work for him in Senate, didn't set the hearts aflutter. He has never made a great sensation among women.

David Walsh of Massachusetts is an interesting bachelor, but not much given to following the giddy social round. He has settled into his stride, and goes steadily along. But I did hear that he had an eye on a wealthy widow.

Frank Brandegee of Connecticut isn't showing any symptoms of changing his estate, but he has strong domestic tendencies, and for years has maintained a spacious house and extensive ménage on K Street.

Then there are widowers. Are they also impervious to attack? What of Senator McNary of Oregon, Tom Walsh of Montana, with his walrus mustache, and Trammell of Florida?

Tom Hefflin of Alabama, who has been a widower for several years, certainly has the gift of speech where pretty women are concerned. But he is an adept at negotiating the shallows of Washington society, and has never found himself stranded.

Justice James Clark McReynolds continues his state of single blessedness, but I'm afraid he is given to periods, brief periods, of great devotion.

And every season the little Buds blossom—the tall ones and the short ones, the plump ones and the lean ones, the shy ones and the gay ones, the ones with bobbed hair and the ones with swathed locks, the ones with neat ankles and others beef to the heel, dark and blonde, quick and slow, rich and poor, stupid and accomplished, progressive and conservative—why, men alive, what are you thinking about? Have you ever passed them in review, these American Beauties in the Garden of Washington society?

Ailsa Mellon

There is even one, and a gilt-edged one, who is a Cabinet hostess! Ailsa Mellon came from Pittsburgh to preside over the household of the Secretary of the Treasury. And she manages very well. The Secretary's wife, you know, was Nora McMul-

lan, a beautiful Irish girl from Dublin, but the wedge of divorce has separated them. So her daughter takes her place. Beaux? Well, I should say so. Youth, charm, wealth, Ailsa Mellon wears her triple crown easily. But she is a shrewd little lady, is Ailsa, and she is winnowing the chaff from the oats. There is much speculation as to which way the wind blows, but it is too early yet to prophesy.

However, Buds will be buds. What about the half-blown and full-blooming blossoms? What about them, indeed! So many spend their time playing bridge and trying to keep thin. Well, not exactly thin, but they hate to admit that the "stylish stout" period has arrived. Still the social and matrimonial offensive goes on.

Oh, please don't misunderstand me! I don't suggest that all women are hunting and all men the hunted. But you know, dear, there are thousands more women than men in Washington, and this disproportion always has a definite result. And when there are nearly five hundred men—not all eligible, of course, but quite a few—and all the officials, in and out of uniform, why, naturally Washington is a little different. And you must make hay while the sun is shining.

MISS AILSA MELLON

THE FLORAL OFFENSIVE

Now that Dr. Royal Copeland has come down from New York, he may reconstruct social Washington on scientific lines. I already see signs of it. Quite recently he suggested that restaurants should prepare special menus to assist people in their choice of food, and instruct the lean how to get fat and the fat how to reduce weight. We carelessly speak of calories, but they mean heat, not necessarily fat.

Under the Copeland plan, I suppose items printed in red would mean that they were loaded with fats; red light, beware! The red type would warn the diner of dangers ahead. Dishes displayed in green would probably give a clear track to the hungry guest. Nothing to fear on this line. Yellow might be employed to attract the lean, displaying a golden hope that crevasses might be filled, and wrinkles ironed out by indulgence in the course suggested.

I think that's a beautiful idea; so helpful. The haunting dread of weight hangs like a pall over many a bridge luncheon. It is a theme to discuss —while you eat. Perhaps the Coué system may be found effective, and a daily repetition of "Every day in every part, I am getting thinner and thinner," will overcome this menace of the flesh.

It would be helpful, too, in the choosing of dinner guests. Under Dr. Copeland's plan the White House system of invitations would be remodeled, and precedence go by the board. Instead of entertaining all the diplomats at one dinner, and all the judges at another, and Congress at a third, they would be graded according to weight. Those turning the scales over two hundred and fifty pounds would be bidden to a dinner of the green-type menu. Safety first.

The lean officials, or those under a hundred and fifty pounds, would be served at a dinner of yellow-type courses, and so on. Think of the possibilities this opens up!

I remember a Judiciary dinner at the White House, before the days of prohibition. I was handed over to an octogenarian judge, with a bald head and dyspepsia.

He ate nothing, but nibbled crackers, and all my efforts to start something conversationally fell flat. Then the wine was passed, and passed again. The judge drank his own and mine, and before the dessert he was asking me to call him by his front name.

In these days it would be hard to find a niche into which to fit this guest—at a White House

dinner. But under the Copeland plan, he might successfully head the list of guests, and be enormously popular. That type of guest could make a hearty dinner of two crackers and an olive.

There is, however, another way of avoiding superfluous weight, yet not denying your appetite. A Washington doctor, a stomach specialist, told me that he has men and women who come to him after the banquet—to remove the banquet.

I think most people would refer Coué to the stomach pump. You've heard of "taking supper out", but this seems a new interpretation of the old phrase.

CALLING DAYS IN THE CAPITAL

EACH official group in Washington has its day for receiving. On Monday you may call on the Judiciary. There aren't many judges, so that is a slack day.

Tuesday is a very busy day, as the wives of the Representatives are receiving, singly or in groups.

Wednesday is Cabinet day, numerically small, but very important.

On Thursday the ladies of the Senate are at home, while Friday is reserved for the diplomatic corps.

Social Washington has a day off on Saturday, and may round up the Cave Dwellers, have a shampoo, and give a party on the quiet.

The hours of calling are usually from four to six, and sometimes seven. I went to a Senator's house one day, and arrived a few minutes of four. I pushed the button, and a liveried person opened the door.

"Madame does not receive until four o'clock," he said firmly, and closed the door in my face.

Upon Capitol Hill, where so many of the Con-

gress wives live, Tuesday is as busy as washing day used to be in the days of our great-grandmothers. As one woman said, "On Tuesday I feel like the trashman, going from door to door." You see, there are about four hundred Congressmen.

In some apartments they receive in groups. When you go in the door, you see a row of baskets, each with a name tied to it. You need a regular deck of cards when you start out on this round.

I have seen many women drop a card into each basket, without looking at the names. You might say, calling in bulk.

Others are much more discriminating. They will read the name, drop a card; read the next, drop a card, read the next—"Mrs. Blank; I despise the woman, I won't call on her," and that basket is skipped.

Then you face the line, and shake hands, hand after hand, the number equivalent to the baskets. Even if you haven't left a card, you may have to shake the hand of Mrs. Blank.

This is an official party; social, yes, but ironclad. If you think you can ignore it, well, just try, and see where you will find yourself. To call it a duty is right, because I don't believe many find a great pleasure in it. But there you are!

I remember calling on the Cabinet wives one day.

"This is your first reception of the season, isn't it?" I said to one hostess.

"Oh, no!" she corrected, standing firmly on her two flat feet. "We were at home on New Year's Day, and did good business, too," she added proudly.

In the matter of precedence, there is that one unsettled point, and that is the ranking of the Cabinet and Senate. The Senate claims that as it has to confirm the Cabinet officer's appointment, it has prior right. Cabinet, or at least six of its members, are eligible for the position of President, in the event of death or disablement of the head of the nation, and so they feel superior.

Socially a compromise has been effected. The Cabinet wives call first on the ladies of the Senate —an admission of lower rank—but at dinners the Senators take a lower seat.

Mrs. Burleson, when her husband was Postmaster General under President Wilson, tried to recast the social mold. She suggested that Cabinet wives should not return the calls of Representatives, nor should they bow the knee to the Senate by paying the initial visit.

As Mrs. Burleson had previously been the wife of a Representative before acquiring Cabinet rank, the proposition was not—er—well received.

The social formalities of Washington are a tangled web to enmesh the feet of the newly elect. So many trip; others merely stumble; some crash through, but few newcomers escape without a pitiful bruising.

Changes come with changing conditions, but the years have now evolved a definite social system, of which the Social Secretary in the State Department is the custodian.

As each President comes to the White House, small changes are made in keeping with his personal tastes. If he shuns society, as did President Wilson, added barriers are erected. If he is a genial, sociable person, like President Harding, the gates are thrown open wide. But no matter whose administration, it is to the Social Secretary you apply when in doubt about the seating of your guests or the issuance of invitations. Mixing your guests is as dangerous as mixing your drinks.

I remember a dinner at Chevy Chase one night, quite an informal affair. Mrs. Sharp, wife of the ex-Ambassador to France, had arrived in town

unexpectedly that day, and had been added to the list at the last moment.

There was half an hour's delay, during which everyone tried to smile and not look curious. Eventually we were all seated, and dinner proceeded peacefully.

A week later I heard that the hostess, in a moment of doubt, had called up the State Department to know whether the wife of an ex-Ambassador should take precedence over a lady of the Senate.

But to return to the problem of calling. Some people regard these official calls as the discharge of a social obligation, but many treat it as a free entertainment, a circus in fact.

Sometimes crowds come, the idly curious who like to talk familiarly about official homes, as if they were on intimate terms. Whole boarding schools are marshaled in now and again, as a sort of educational stunt, particularly to the embassies and legations. It is a sort of cheap foreign tour.

I was pouring tea at a house one day, when a group of eight women who had come from a little town in Pennsylvania arrived. For months they had planned a visit to Washington, so they told me, and decided to make it a Wednesday, in order

to do the Cabinet rounds. They were so enthusiastic about everything, so candid, so frank in their comments and admiration, that one instantly forgave their appalling curiosity.

I listened to them.

"Do you think it's an original? I don't." And the two inspected a picture.

"Antique! Indeed it isn't, but it is a good copy," came after inspection of the legs of a table.

"I paid thirty dollars for a pair just like that."

They walked round, lifted the books, felt the curtains, inspected the furniture, and took a thoroughly healthy interest in the decorative scheme of their hostess.

Occasionally new members of the Congressional set are not quite sure of themselves. Their social experience at home has been limited, their circle very narrow and a trifle rough-hewn. Consciousness of this does not lend ease. Then they may be induced to buy a book on etiquette. This invariably breeds panic. They read in large type: "Do you wish to be a social outcast? Then dare to take a drink of any beverage without first touching your lips with your napkin." But that is nothing to the condemnation of the "watchful waiters" who don't know which implement to

use—the short, fat fork or the long, thin one, and who delay starting their meal in the hope that they may see what others do. Everyone knows why you are waiting, and you are instantly socially damned.

Oh, they're horrible books, and inflict dreadful torture on the newcomer who resorts to them. Their advertisements are frank intimidation.

One recent arrival had read that white kid gloves should be worn in the evening. She wore them religiously, and seemed to spend her evenings hauling them on and off—long yards of them—because the book on etiquette told her that it was wrong to tuck the fingers in at the wrist. Her hands were large and awkward, and they stuck out like a policeman's.

At last a friend dropped her a hint that these white-clad paws were a little obtrusive and she needn't wear her gloves all the time.

"Well, the etiquette book says you should!" and she stuck to them.

Many suffer from a dearth of conversational small talk, the verbal stuff that fits into afternoon teas or dinner intervals. By the way, I notice that an English woman doctor has stated recently that indulgence in social conversation impedes

mental development. She says, "The short, brilliant flashes lead nowhere, and exhaust the mentality." Brilliant, yes, perhaps.

Finding a safe subject of mutual interest is not easy, when the new Representative's wife has come from a small town of limited horizon.

Do you remember Dr. Gardner, who used to bob up year after year, asking Congress for an appropriation to study the language of the chimpanzee in Africa? I believe he built himself a steel cage, and lived in the jungle for months, conversing with some remote cousins of ours. He was well known at the time, and I felt on safe ground when I asked one member of congressional circles what she thought of giving him the money to study the language of the chimpanzee.

"I don't think many of these people come to our country, and I don't see why we should bother about their language," was her naïve reply.

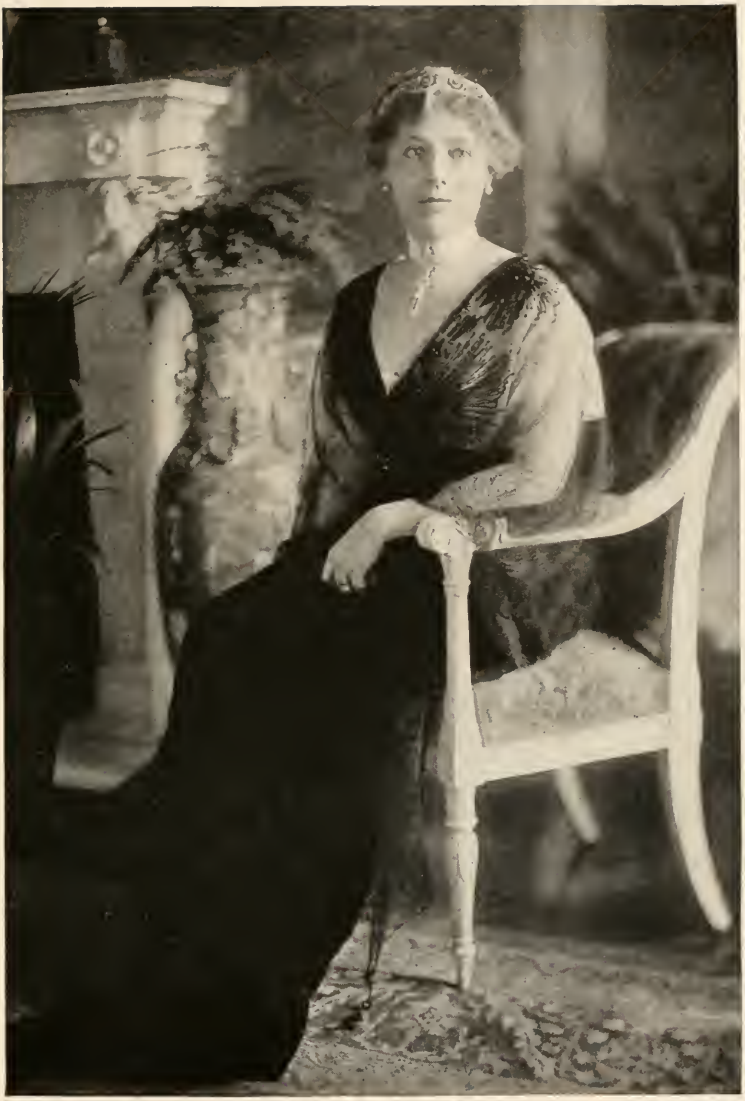
SUPREME COURT WIVES

Mrs. William Howard Taft

So many have come from Main Street, but not Mrs. William Howard Taft. The dust of Cincinnati's Main Street had been left behind at the mud-pie age, and before she was out of her teens she had learned the ways of social Washington, with its barbed-wire enclosures and red-tape entanglements.

She didn't climb the wire fence, but as a White House guest during the Hayes administration she walked in the front door. She was Helen Herron then, and her father was the law partner of Rutherford B. Hayes. Law ran in both families.

Supreme Court Judge at thirty! That's what happened to Taft, and his wife didn't like it. Of course, she was immensely proud, but she seemed afraid that contact with older men and the serious side of life would rob him of his youthful buoyancy. If you could hear him laugh to-day, you would realize that it had been a false alarm. Now, if it had been the loss of his figure, instead of his youth, about which she was concerned!



MRS. WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

When the Tafts were sent to the Philippines to start a civil government, there were three lively youngsters among the baggage on that trip. But it was a great experience.

Funny, isn't it, when you look back and see how things have worked out! I always think that if Mr. Taft had taken counsel with his wife more frequently after his installation at the White House, matters might have been different. They couldn't pull the wool over Mrs. Taft's eyes, and there is little doubt that she saw the shadow of coming events long before her husband. Even now, there is a kind of Igorot head-hunterish look in her eyes when some one refers to the dark days of 1912.

Mrs. Taft had planned such a wonderful social season, but, of course, much of it was canceled.

After her husband's election to the White House, she seemed to retire from politics, and was submerged in furbishing and furnishing the White House. I have an idea that the contents of the attic were greatly increased after her advent.

What! Haven't you heard of the famous attic? My dears, it's a perfect treasure house of antiques. Old four-posters that would make your mouth water, and rare pieces discarded by the new-

coming Presidents to make way for modern designs.

Let me see. I think it is Hiram Johnson, Senator from California, who has bought that delightful old manor house outside the District boundary. It was in a shocking state of repair, and he began to reinstate its ancient dignity. But one old fireplace was missing, and a ghastly modern misfit shrieked its incongruity to high heaven. It was a long search, then one day, an old gardener, or janitor, or something about the Capitol, by chance, hearing of the Senator's dilemma, offered an old fireplace that had long ago been discarded from the White House as junk. I assure you, it is a veritable treasure.

Nothing in all the political game is going to be so hard for women as learning to forgive political enemies, which simply has to be done if one is to be a successful politician. I'm afraid most women begin to forgive only when an enemy is dead—very dead. Ask Mrs. Taft! After the Taft defeat, things were different. Mrs. Taft, I may tell you, never returned to the familiar "Will—Theodore" status with their one-time friend.

Mrs. Taft's outstanding personal accomplishment is her gift for music. I believe that Victor

Berger came very near apostasy in regard to the Socialist party, because of the lure of this music, which accompanied the gracious hospitality of the White House.

Long after Mrs. Taft's music is silenced, and the keys of her beloved piano are mute, the cherry blossoms on the Speedway will keep fragrant her memory. The trees were a gift from Japan during the Taft régime, and the planting of them in alternate odd and even groups was made at the suggestion of the Japanese Government, so that the message of felicitation and greeting accompanying the trees should be spelled out symbolically.

Whatever that message may be, these gay, pink blossoms turn the Speedway into a paradise, and the April breeze flings their petals like confetti on those who pass that way.

Mrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes

Under the roof of Justice Holmes abides Boston's best traditions, with culture miles deep and literary atmosphere and all the surroundings that make a highbrow feel at home. Mrs. Holmes is an intellectual woman, and absolutely without personal vanity. No woman with a spark of it would do her hair in the Holmes way—a little knob screwed

up at the back of one of the best brains in Washington.

Mrs. Louis Brandeis

Mrs. Louis Brandeis is easily one of the most outstanding ladies of the Supreme Court group. She is handsome, with great, dark eyes, good complexion, and snow-white hair. And she carries herself well. Why shouldn't she? Isn't she one of THE Goldmarks of New York, the family that has given Pauline and Joseph Goldmark to the world, besides Mrs. Brandeis. Hers is a justifiable pride.

I think Mrs. Brandeis is the only Boston woman of distinction who didn't belong to the Women's Educational and Industrial Union. But she was active in suffrage work. She had daughters, and she concluded that they would find citizenship awaiting them on their majority.

Running true to tradition, Susan Brandeis worked for suffrage after she graduated, and she is now practicing law in New York. You know Elizabeth is executive secretary of the Minimum Wage Commission of the District of Columbia. When the Minimum Wage law in the District was declared unconstitutional by a local court, it went to the Supreme Court. There was keen specula-

tion as to what Judge Brandeis would do and how he would vote. But he declined to sit. He had previously argued a similar case, and his sympathies were well known. He calls it a matter of ethics. But I think the labor people say it was mere etiquette.

The Brandeis home is not the storm center of the socially elect. If you want your Washington all jazzed up, you don't go there. It is the socially minded people—men and women who care how the other half live, and why they don't live longer and more happily—these are the people you meet at the Brandeis home. They are interesting men and women, and when they speak you may not agree with them, but their remarks are well worth listening to.

Lion-hunting isn't a Brandeis pastime, but the really big game generally get around to their preserve sooner or later. Of course you find people who try to sneak up in the night and hang a red flag over the door. Cochineal isn't made in the cellar. The reddest thing in the Brandeis household is the warm glow of human sympathy and understanding.

Ladies of the fluffy ruffles, lounge lizards, and all the vapid, brainless excitement chasers, go

round the block. But if you realize life in its best, broadest sense, just go in; the prospect is fine.

Mrs. George Sutherland

The Sutherlands come from Utah! Yes, but they are Gentiles. That is the first question asked about the newly arrived from Utah. After Senator Sutherland retired from the Senate, the family left Washington. It has grown to be a big city since then, and the War has made many changes. Supreme Court Justice is a life job, and I think the Sutherlands are preparing to dig themselves in very comfortably, and make their presence felt in society.

Just as a sort of model for people who think that nobody gets married for keeps any more, the Sutherlands serve a good purpose in Washington. They are a sort of working model of domesticity! Why not put them in the National Museum, and mark them "Exhibit A"? Some day we shall find such people on exhibition, to be seen "at per head".

Whenever Mrs. Sutherland entertains, even at informal teas, Justice Sutherland manages to get there, and his manner to her, the way she looks at him—oh, well, of course it makes some of the rest a bit envious, but it is mighty good to see.

WIVES OF SENATE LAME DUCKS

THERE is nothing in the Constitution about providing crutches for lame ducks, but you might as well try to alter the Constitution itself as try to depart from established precedent in this regard.

After defeat, they limp around Washington, and put on full pressure when there is a vacant post—particularly an ornamental, remunerative one.

We see the Poindexters limping off to the diplomatic paradise of Peru, and a Postmaster Generalship is the splint applied to New.

Mrs Truman Newberry

The Newberrys had a rather disastrous reign, although the President had set the pace, and allowed it to be known that entertaining the Newberrys would be considered a friendly act.

The inquiry is still fresh in mind, I know. I remember one function at the Congressional Club, before the final vote was taken. The wife of another Republican Senator greeted Mrs. Newberry with the gracious, meaningless phrase, "I am so glad to see you."

"Do you really mean that?" asked Mrs. Newberry.

"Why, of course I do," stammered the first speaker, coloring furiously and feeling most uncomfortable.

"Then why don't you make your husband stop persecuting mine?" retorted Mrs. Newberry hotly.

President Harding had too many wounded Republicans to look after to have opportunity to provide supports for defeated Democrats.

Mrs. Atlee Pomerene

Atlee Pomerene could scarcely look for a soft seat. The women say that he got what was coming to him. He said the women of Ohio didn't want the vote. Well, he knows now.

Like Philip Pitt Campbell, he has delusions of greatness, and has convinced his family of it, if no one else. Mrs. Pomerene is a fine woman. She told a friend that defeat was a bolt out of a clear sky. The Friday night before the election Senator Pomerene told some of his political friends that he might as well go back to Washington; it was all over but the shouting. If he had got back, I think his eyes would have turned toward a Democratic presidential nomination next year.

MRS. JOSEPH FRELINGHUYSEN

MRS. JOSEPH SHERMAN FRELINGHUYSEN

Now, Frelinghuysen is a very rich man. He has a home in Washington, a residence in New Jersey, and another at Palm Beach. I believe he has three of the six best cellars in the United States. It is said that those cellars brought about his defeat, in spite of the fact that he is the fifth Frelinghuysen to sit in the United States Senate, which is almost enough to establish a dynasty. Certainly, it would be expected to hold a mere tradition level.

Tradition had a good deal to do with keeping the veteran, Lodge, from joining the ranks of the Lame Ducks. As one woman put it: "He is the last leaf on the tree of the Old Families tradition, which has always ruled Boston. I'll admit he never stood for a moral issue in his life, but he is a Cabot: he is one of US."

All told, I believe the Frelinghuysens are the handsomest couple of the Congressional circle. He is big and rather blustering, but socially he is quite all right, and never steps on his partner's feet. Mrs. Frelinghuysen is of the willowy type, who can wear anything and make it look like an exclusive model, something specially designed for her and the pattern destroyed.

Mrs. Ira Clifton Copley

I often think that Mrs. Frelinghuysen and Mrs. Copley would have made excellent diplomats. Not the island of Yap for them, but a big post. Some day we shall see this strange apparition, the wife of a Lame Duck receiving a diplomatic splint on her own account, not his.

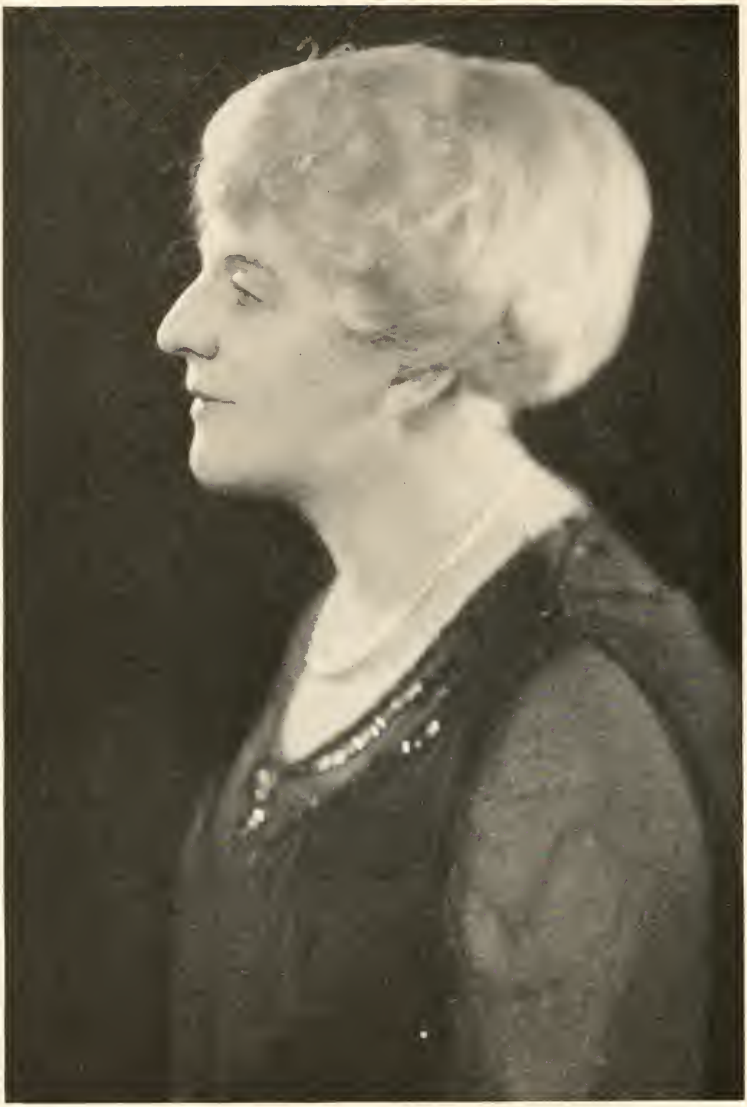
Both of these women have assured social positions. Even Washington's most sacred Rose Chapter of the Inner Circle, that wouldn't open the door if it saw Mrs. Harding on the mat in the rain, holds out both arms to these two women, and takes them right into the sanctum.

"You know Mrs. Copley knows all the parlor tricks," said one of her admirers, "without having to sit up nights to study them." She was born that way. If the person who dictates table manners should invent a two-edged knife or a flat spoon, she would know instinctively what to do with it.

That's quite true. They would remind us of a lot of diplomats we've seen abroad; they are so different.

Mrs. Harry New

Everyone took it for granted that the News would be taken care of. They were *Mayflower*



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MRS. WILLIAM CALDER

friends of the Hardings. One summer I remember Mrs. New and Mrs. Gillett, and I think Mrs. Frelinghuysen, assisting on one of the *Mayflower* cruises. We didn't know whether to wear afternoon clothes or sport suits or just summer afternoon frocks. Afternoon dress won, and those who had made that choice were in luck. I believe that was the time Mrs. Nicholas Longworth came in an organdy that looked as if it had just come from the "Treat-Em-Rough Dry Laundry."

New is now chief stamp licker of the nation.

Mrs. William Calder

Senator Calder is an obliging man. Mrs. Calder is rather striking looking, with a mass of snowy white hair. I don't know whether she married the Senator for his fetching ways or because he lived in Brooklyn.

I once heard a woman say of Mrs. Calder, "She's not coarse, oh, no, but she's the sort of woman who would keep a parrot." I don't know that she does, but, anyhow, she married Mr. Calder. But life in Washington was sweet to them, and it does seem a pity to send her back to Brooklyn—back to Brooklyn, not that, O cruel fate!

Hitchcock was a popular man. There was an extreme courtliness of manner suggestive of lace ruffles and velvet coats. He was born too late. It was quite a change in that assembly which "day by day, in every way, is getting rougher and rougher."

"We tried to remind him that one day we would be asking Nebraska women to vote for him," said one ardent advocate of suffrage. "We told him that his election might be of the utmost importance to the party, even if it meant nothing to him, but he wouldn't listen to reason. He said that it was a matter of principle and he couldn't yield for mere political reasons."

They might have forgiven him for being Wet, but to be opposed to both the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Amendments! That was too big a handicap.

THE SOCIAL LOBBY

THERE is nothing more symbolic of Washington society than the plan of Washington streets. When Charles L'Enfant laid out the city on paper, with its streets straight and diagonal, with triangles and circles, it is clear he had in mind a prophetic vision of the social system that was to develop, with its rings and circles and angles, short cuts to greatness if you know the way, and divergences that leave you on the rim of outer darkness if you miss the path.

When a train pushes its nose into the Union Station at Washington and unloads a new Representative and his wife, the man may stand looking around at the dome of the Capitol, the scene of his future triumphs. His chest may heave with mighty aspirations; he may be almost ashamed to admit even to himself the height of his political ambition.

But what of his wife? She may be a gentle soul from the sunny South; a busy woman from the North; a rugged gem from the West, or a sophisticated society dame from a great city. But think of the social ordeal that faces her!

In the little Main Street town, there is great excitement over the honor conferred on the newly elected Representative. His family and friends think he has achieved the highest position—next to the President. His wife has visions of being a front-ranker in society, and there is much preparation for the invasion of the Capital.

Being one of four hundred, and a lesser one, as precedence goes by length of service, she doesn't make a big splurge. Her first job is to make her calls—hundreds of them. If she doesn't, she will be left alone, and lonely, in total obscurity. She is on the outer rim, and must learn the way in. How to get from one social circle to another, without once stepping outside the prescribed—or if you prefer it, proscribed—lines, is the national game of hopscotch.

When you read about being in the "social whirl with a Congressman's wife", or "society as seen by Senators", it has an air of intoxication, glamor, thrill.

To entertain the visitor from the home state is one of the privileges of a Representative or a Senator. You always try to do it well. One satisfied elector, a little flattered, can do a lot when he goes back home.

Early in the War, the wife of a Senator from the Middle West planned a dinner for two house guests, electors from the home state. Influential electors, too, they were, and she wanted to show them a real party.

Hoping to be impressive, she wished to include as many high-ranked guests as possible, and she reached to the limit. But as she realized that it would be impolitic to invite both the French and German Ambassadors to the same meal, the invitation was sent to M. Jusserand.

The French reply expressed regret and inability to come, and so cleared the way for an invitation to the German Embassy, from which came an acceptance. A great deal underlay invitations and acceptances in those tense days.

Great preparations were made. The Middle Western friend had decked herself out like the Queen of Sheba, and her husband was in martyred semblance of correct Fifth Avenue style.

The door bell rang, and the guests began to arrive. Imagine the horror of the hostess, when among the first to arrive were Monsieur and Madame Jusserand. Some secretary had blundered.

This meant two guests too many. The bewildered hostess not only had secretly to murder two

guests, but also to keep representatives of countries then at war from stabbing each other with a salad fork or damaging the cutlery.

At length, surreptitiously, the butler carried two trays upstairs, and the house guests—a tearful Queen of Sheba and her spouse—for whom the party really was given, were the sacrificial victims. It was impossible to deny a seat to any of the high officials invited, and there wasn't an inch of additional room at the table. So there was no alternative.

What the real honor guests got of that party came up on a tray, was seen through the decorations, or heard over the banisters. But they didn't tell that when they got back home. No, indeed!

Most women have a mental picture of "the Busy Senator's Wife" that they get from the Sunday paper or a magazine. They visualize her breakfasting in her boudoir. They never think that she might be cooking breakfast in the bathroom. They see the endless chain of invitations tying her to the social flywheel, which spins day and night, incessantly, absorbingly, until pleasure is her paramount duty and parties her daily task.

By noon they seem to see the pile of letters

beseeching her presence here, her wit there, her incomparable social graces elsewhere, cleared from her desk. Then flinging aside her silk negligee, she leaps into her luncheon frock. She is the guest or bait to hook elusive celebrities. She smiles and eats and listens her way through salads and ice cream, her beauty banked by out-of-season roses. (You always use flowers out of season. They are not more effective, but more expensive.) If to make it "beauty" is too severe a strain, her intellectual face, or the regal pose of her head are alternative compliments applied.

She is torn from lunch, to be whirled down the tree-bordered avenue, home. She sheds her luncheon gown and dives into one more suited for three teas and a reception—her afternoon's program—where she MUST put in an appearance or the parties will fall flat.

By 6.30 she is home again and, stepping out of her afternoon frock, she slips on two shoulder straps and some beaded net and faces a blizzard. The dinner is in her honor. A little talk will be expected; after that the theater, supper, and perhaps a dance.

It is quite a thrilling picture.

And away out West and up North and down

South, in the mountains and across the prairies, women in their simple small-town homes read of it with envy in their faded eyes—eyes that have never seen the Capital, the out-of-season roses, the lightning change from party frocks, and know not the intoxication of such social triumphs.

But don't you believe it! There is a leaven of party in the political dough, but often the party becomes the dough, and a little peace the leaven. Few real women could long endure the inanities of that pictured existence. The job of being a wife, a mother, a housekeeper, and a human being generally is fitted in between these multifarious duties.

You who live at home, wash off the slate that picture of a busy Senator's wife or Congressman's spouse. Just remember that she is a mighty busy woman if she is doing her job properly; that some of the parties are a penance, and that all roses don't grow on trees.

There are some places into which the newly arrived wife automatically fits. But there are others for which she must qualify. And these qualifications differ. Money, influence, power, social gifts—a pull somewhere.

Did you know that Senator Capper was learning

to dance? Yes, he is. He owns a string of papers, and has the Farm *Bloc* in leash, but he doesn't dress the part.

If you want to know how the social lobby really works, watch the social columns of the Washington papers.

Mrs. John B. Henderson

Mrs. John B. Henderson wined and dined enough Congress members to get Sixteenth Street renamed "The Avenue of Presidents". She owns many mansions on this street, and Henderson's castle stands out somber, distinctive, and inappropriate in such an American environment. Many of the foreign embassies have bought these beautiful homes which she has built. But, alas! another Congress heartlessly changed the name back to Sixteenth Street. Perhaps they wanted to be asked to dinner also.

Mrs. Henderson had a wonderful cellar, and an even more wonderful butler, who, when he was sober, buttled as if he had come straight from Buckingham Palace. Billy Sunday or William Jennings Bryan or the Salvation Army converted him, and then appealed to Mrs. Henderson to save the ransomed sinner from future temptation. She did, and she did it spectacularly. Barrels, bottles,

kegs, flasks, and flagons were emptied into the gutter, and the Avenue of Presidents, alias Sixteenth Street, ran with the juice of the grape and the corn, and rye, and juniper. It was picturesque!

Oh, yes, she still wields her influence in the social lobby, but then, you see, we have the Eighteenth Amendment.

When you see a sudden political *volte-face* and wonder why, what oratory, what reasons, what argument has induced it, just turn up the recent files and read the social columns. You will probably find the solution there. Who has been dining that Senator, and what do they want? Try it!

DINNER DELAYS

IN Washington, as elsewhere, you are expected to be present at the dinner before the guest of honor arrives. If the latter really is considerate, he or she comes a few minutes late, in order to leave a margin in case a stud has rolled under the bed or the laundry hasn't come.

I know one wealthy man whose life was made miserable for want of a ten-cent button hook. No matter how many he bought, he could never find one when he wanted it.

"The damn things evaporate!" he would roar, as he stamped round the apartment. "I left one here, I know I did."

One day his wife offered him the little silver hook out of her dressing case. With his two hundred pounds fired by fury behind the wrench he gave it, the button hook doubled up like a bent pin. He said—But never mind what he said; you can imagine it.

Now he buys them by the gross from the ten-cent store, and has them hanging in rows in every room.

These are the sort of unavoidable delays which so often hold up a party.

Tradition hands down a story of George Washington. A guest arrived late for dinner, and the meal was already proceeding. He was profuse in his apology. George Washington smiled. "We have a cook," he said, "who does not ask if the guest has arrived, but if the hour has arrived."

You generally have to stand around during the interval between arrival and the announcement that dinner is served.

When William Jennings Bryan was Secretary of State, he gave an elaborate party one night. As nearly a hundred guests were expected, the chairs had given place to space. There wasn't a thing to sit on. Half an hour passed, and then nearly an hour, but still we stood and waited. Whispered messages were transmitted from the butler to Mr. Bryan and the hostess endeavored to keep the hungry guests from eating the decorations.

I noticed one little woman who looked so miserable. She wore inordinately high-heeled shoes, two sizes too small, and the torture she was enduring was written on her sad, powdered face.

At last, a flushed and influential Senator and his meek wife were hurried in. He had been located

with difficulty, and a tuxedo forced on him over his day-before-yesterday shirt and tweed trousers. That was all the toilet his humor would permit.

Now the Bryans were genuine pre-prohibition prohibitionists and at that dinner nonintoxicating grape juice was served. As this beverage failed to generate a back-spin, and his previous potations had subsided, this lately arrived guest discoursed loudly on the dangers of plain grape juice, and how it corroded the stomach.

As the corrosive effect of the juice affected his humor, his voice grew louder and his tone more offensive. Mr. Bryan, however, calmly covered this breach with a blanket of courtesy, and the little woman, taking advantage of the diversion, surreptitiously slipped off her tight shoes under the table.

An amusing incident in which the ex-Secretary of State figured, occurred nearly two years ago.

When M. Briand made his impassioned address at the Disarmament Conference, William Jennings Bryan sat forward listening, intent, eager. M. Briand spoke in French, his gestures supplementing his fiery eloquence, as he denounced Germany and drew a vivid picture of the menace which faced France should she reduce her land armies without

Allied guarantees of help in time of need. At each pause, William Jennings Bryan applauded vigorously.

The eyes of many people were focused on Bryan, just as his were glued to M. Briand. His interest was so absorbing, his endorsement of every word said and policy propounded so obvious, that he claimed attention.

M. Briand concluded his speech and sat down, and then the interpreter retold the story in lucid English.

Little by little William Jennings Bryan began to realize that he had been applauding everything he had previously condemned. As the burden of the Frenchman's message became clear, he slipped gradually further back in his seat and disappeared almost from sight.

He has now learned that a knowledge of French is really essential to the full comprehension of a Frenchman's speech.

By the way, some years ago, I remember, Mr. Bryan was down in Tennessee. He had occasion to visit an insane asylum, and while there he was talking to some of the patients.

"What are you in here for?" asked one inmate, who recognized him.

"Me? Imperialism!" replied Bryan.

The patient shook his head. "You're not mad," he said. "You're just a plain damn fool."

Mrs. Key Pittman

Reverting to dinner delays, I recall an incident that happened at Senator Key Pittman's one night. It was mid-winter, and there had been a fall of snow. The meal had proceeded in orderly measure up to a certain point, when it came to a sudden halt. Conversation helped out, but the hiatus grew and grew until it was half an hour long.

There was a maddening mystery somewhere. The faces of the host and hostess become clouded, and the serving men and maids dodged dismally hither and thither, trying to keep up an appearance of glad activity.

Suddenly the scene quickened into action as the quail made its appearance. You dug with your fork, you stabbed with your knife, but you couldn't make an impression on that bird. It was frozen stiff and stark. The guests tried valiantly to cut the carcass, to mutilate it into some semblance of a relished meal, but it defied them. So the quail was removed, and the next course served promptly and in perfect order.

I unearthed the mystery of the frozen quail next day. You know, caterers cook the food and transfer it in a steam-heated wagon to the house where the party is to be held. Now, the wagon with the Key Pittman dinner on board had broken down in the snow; then the heat failed, and an urgent call was sent out for another wagon. It was dark and cold, and a hurried transference of the food was made from one vehicle to another. But it was not until time to serve them that the quail were missed.

Back they went to the place where the exchange had been made, and after much searching about in the snow, they found the quail, frozen stiff and hard. As the guests had waited half an hour for the course, there was nothing to do but rush the quail in and make a brave showing. Frozen quail might be all very well for Mrs. Key Pittman, but——

Do you know the Key Pittman romance? Mrs. Key Pittman's father owned mines in Alaska, and it was up among the eternal snows that she met her husband. It was a singular introduction. Mrs. Key Pittman was sledging along the Saskatchewan Trail, en route to her brother's shack, up near his claim. She was muffled up in furs and tucked cosily in the sledge, when suddenly another dog

team came out of the limitless snows. The trail was not wide. The two dog teams were instantly in violent conflict, and a man's voice was raised in abuse at the driver of her sledge.

Hearing this, the little lady with her fair face, dark eyes, and coquettish dimple sat up and took a lead in the conversation. The man was amazed and apologetic. He had not expected to encounter a woman on that trail.

So they passed on, each going a separate way. At the first relay station, the man inquired as to the identity of the girl he had passed. When he was told, he suddenly decided to renew acquaintance with her brother, whom he had previously met. So he doubled on his tracks.

That was the beginning of the Key Pittman romance. You know the end. I believe the Senator's wife was the heroine of one of Rex Beach's novels. However, I want to tell you that although Mrs. Key Pittman came from the frozen North, she doesn't make a habit of serving frozen quail.

WOMEN IN CONGRESS

IT'S all right to talk about a "male quartet", but "female quartet" is a horrible phrase. However, that's what we have had in Congress, so far.

Jeannette Rankin was the first, the thin edge of the wedge, as it were. She forced open the reluctant door of the House. It wasn't easy, and the place was prickly with prejudice when she did get inside.

JEANNETTE RANKIN

No one does much the first term, and the lady from Montana made her début when we were face to face with the problems of war. Perhaps in future years the one thing that will be remembered about Miss Rankin will be her tears, when she said:

"I cannot vote for war!"

But I want you to remember that Miss Rankin was not the only member of Congress who shed tears that day. There were men who wept, too. Some day, perhaps, that act of womanly weakness will not call for disparagement. The world may yet become civilized.

The first Maternity Bill was introduced by Miss Rankin, but it never got out of committee. That reminds me of the Congressman who was lauding the work of a woman's organization in connection with this measure.

"I am glad to see the women taking an active part in this," he said. "I think we should have women on committees dealing with maternity and other women's diseases."

I ask you! Yes, we have a number of members of that mental tonnage still in the House!

Alice Robertson

When Miss Alice Robertson—Aunt Alice of Oklahoma—arrived on the scene, many found consolation in the thought that mature minds were needed in Congress.

Maturity isn't necessarily a matter of years. Age is not always synonymous with wisdom. Some things keep growing as long as they live. Take the redwoods. Who knows their age? But they do sprout new green leaves.

Senator Lodge says that he made up his mind on the suffrage question forty-five years ago. Full maturity at thirty! In other words, he hasn't learned anything fresh on the subject since.

When Miss Alice arrived in Washington, with her white hair screwed in a little bob at the back of her head, and her plain dress, the women soon learned that she was an anti-suffragist. This gave them a sense of uneasiness. The Antis, who should have rallied to her support, gave her the once over, and fled. She wasn't true to type, not the Washington type of Anti. They were mostly rich and fashionable. Miss Alice didn't fit into that niche; it was far too exclusive, and you know that the cafeteria business does not make for exclusiveness. But it was a mighty good cafeteria that Miss Alice ran, and her doughnuts were almost as good as the homemade.

It's a lonely place for a lone woman, up there on Capitol Hill, especially for a simple, homey woman like Aunt Alice. She wanted to come back, however, but when defeat put her permanently out of politics, she went back to the old home town, and talked of buying a cow.

Choosing a cow for company I always felt was such a nice compliment to her late colleagues.

Winnifred Mason Huck

Enter Winnifred Mason Huck, for the brief, unexpired period of her father's term. She had

been brought up on G. O. P. traditions, and spent her early youth in Washington.

Her father, William E. Mason, drank deep of politics, and wee Winnie licked up the drops. She had got the habit early. Her father had a dingy little room in the basement, which he called his office, but no Democrat ever penetrated to that retreat.

Nevertheless, there was a certain catholicity in the company, for Henry Cabot Lodge, he of the unspotted vest and immaculate collar, was one of them. Somehow the cleanliness of those Lodge vests seemed to make a deep impression on Winnifred, for the contrast between this and her father's —well, Winnifred was one of seven, and the imprint of baby fingers will mar the pristine freshness of any vest.

Robert La Follette was a visitor to that subterranean office in those far-off days. In fact, they both were there at the same time. You know, Bob La Follette is considered the Beau Brummel of the Senate, now that James Hamilton Lewis has departed to practice law in Chicago.

Exit Winnifred Mason Huck, without having set the Potomac on fire. Her time was brief; her opportunity scant. I believe in Congress, as in golf, the first seven years are the worst.

Mae Ella Nolan

And now we have a fourth, Mrs. Mae Ella Nolan, who has succeeded her husband as a San Francisco member. But she got there in time to see the curtain run down for the interlude. Her little daughter, however, has already won Congressional recognition.

Of the thirty millions of children in the United States, only one little girl can boast that her father and mother have been elected members of Congress. That is eight-year-old Corlis Nolan.

Blue eyes, pink cheeks, curls of red-gold, a white dress, and a smashing ribbon bow for scenery—that is Corlis Nolan, the daughter of the House. She is peculiarly the daughter of the House, because almost since her infancy she has been a daily visitor upon the floor. The Congressional atmosphere is her native air. Marvelous how she thrives on it! No other child in this country has been brought into such close touch with members of the House, or personally known so many prominent men of this generation.

Scores of other children have appeared with their fathers on fête days, when distinguished foreign guests were present, or when the President came before Congress to read a message, but

Corlis rarely missed a day. She came to visit her daddy—the most wonderful man in the world. When her mother took her place among the lawmakers of the nation, Corlis was by her side, and held court on the floor as usual. Her shining curls will be the oriflamme to attract many eyes that look with real affection upon John Nolan's little girl.

She has coquetted with three Speakers. Among her cherished keepsakes are coins presented to her by the veteran ex-Speaker, Uncle Joe Cannon, who has just retired, after passing his eighty-sixth milestone. The beautiful camaraderie which exists between the aged and the very young, has always marked the friendship of Corlis and Uncle Joe.

The beloved Speaker, Champ Clark, frequently held her upon his knee, and when she could wield the gravel, with which he subdued refractory legislators, he permitted her to hold it, and to preside over the House.

Speaker Gillett has also fallen a victim to her wiles, but the fact that she is now "going on nine" makes her rather shy about accepting advances.

When General Joffre was received by the House, Corlis was presented to him by her daddy. And the wonderful old French warrior took her up in

his arms and kissed her soundly on both cheeks. Corlis can point to the exact spots—just above the dimples.

Upon another great day, she was sitting on her father's knee in the House, when the Queen of the Belgians, from her place of honor in the gallery, was struck by the childish charm, and summoned her for a gracious royal greeting.

"Where do you live, my dear?" inquired Her Majesty.

When the little girl explained that San Francisco was her home, the Queen exclaimed, "Oh, then you must be the little girl who brought the sunshine to California!"

To Corlis she was just "a pretty lady", but the father's heart swelled with pride that his idolized one had received such recognition.

Major Charles Manly Stedman of North Carolina, the only Confederate veteran in Congress, who was a member of General Robert E. Lee's staff, was inclined to be jealous of the venerable Joe Cannon. With true Southern chivalry he indited love missives to the fair Corlis.

Judge Warren Gard of Ohio, who sustained a reputation for being the most dignified member of the House, also capitulated to John Nolan's little

girl, and marked her birthday anniversaries by the presentation of candies and flowers.

Corlis always pronounced his name like that of the Deity—God—and when told in Sunday school that God was in heaven, she disputed the fact, and appealed to her mother to confirm her declaration that God (Gard) lived at Congress Hall Hotel.

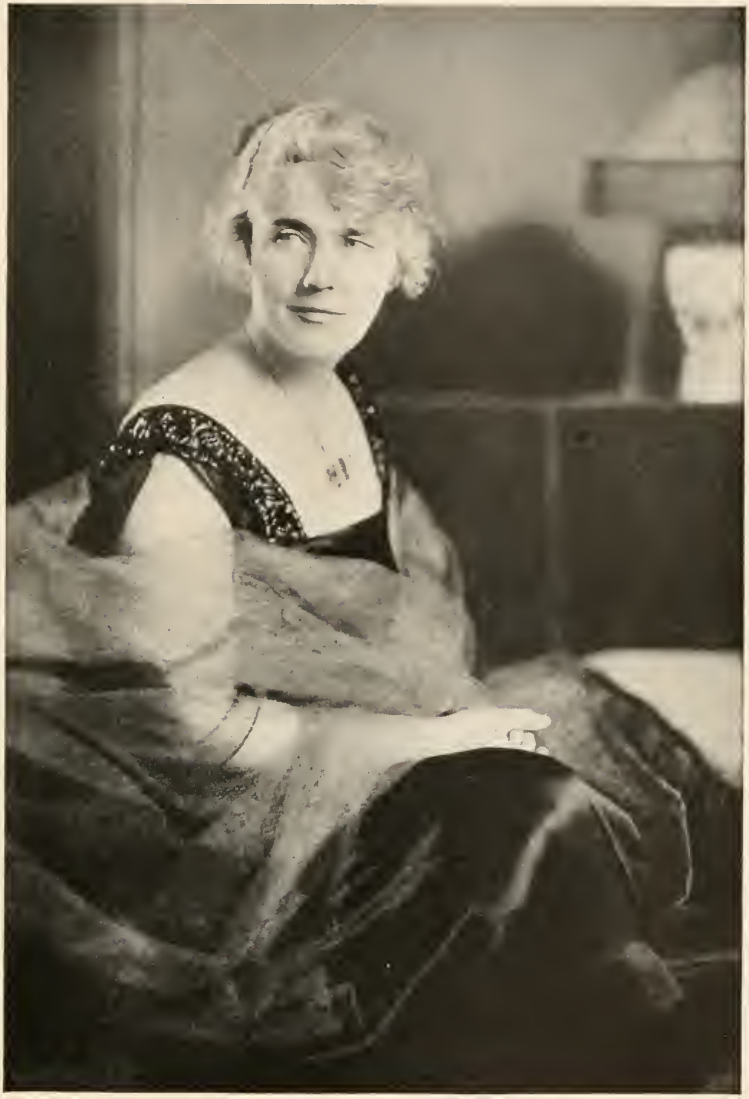
No one can guess how long the vivid personality of this child will continue to illumine the pages of official history. But in any case, what a story of her childhood she will have to tell to her grandchildren!

MRS. HERBERT HOOVER

I WANT to be a background for Bertie!" How is that for wifely ambition in these progressive days? That is Mrs. Herbert Hoover's avowed job in life. I wonder how many other women want to be "a background for Bertie". Figuratively speaking, there are quite a number of Berties being quite obscured. Just the other day a man died, and the newspapers put up the heading in large letters, "Mrs. So-and-So's Husband Dies."

Mrs. Hoover, however, has achieved much more than that. She is not the shadowy setting to a vigorous character. There is too much ability to be submerged. No matter how much she may try to paint herself as a background, individuality etches a definite picture of the woman herself.

Being a Cabinet hostess doesn't seem to have dazzled her, nor has it changed her antipathy to publicity. Bertie doesn't share this, of course. No one realizes better than he what the newspapers have contributed to his career. His name is an open sesame to the news columns.



MRS. HERBERT HOOVER

Somewhere, sometime, in her Western ranch life, she must have imbibed Indian lore—imbibed deeply—and become thoroughly imbued with the Indian's gift of stoicism. At will, her face is as inscrutable as the Sphinx. She isn't disturbed by the stress and surge of public life. Even when speaking publicly, she is self-possessed. But, frankly, speaking isn't her strong point.

Lou Hoover's whole plan of life has been rather unusual. Through most of her impressionable years, she enjoyed a boy's freedom, and camp and ranch figured largely on her map.

She adds one more to the small town women in public life, for she was brought up in Monterey, the capital of that old Spanish province of Alta, California, where her father was cashier of the local bank. After the local high school, Miss Lou Henry, as she then was, went to Stanford University, where she took the same course of study as young Herbert Hoover. Bertie was working his way through college by doing part time in the college laundry. That's where he learned Hooverizing.

She set a lively pace for the youth, and passed higher examinations than he. Lou answered the call of the wild. This spirit of adventure un-

doubtedly had much to do with her choice of engineering as a profession. When she had to make decisions she sidestepped all the careers usually followed by the petticoats. Her soul yearned for the freedom of the great outdoors and a pair of trousers. So in due course, she walked out of the University with a mining engineer's diploma under her arm.

Neither Lou nor Bertie ever had any other love.

The Hoovers were Quakers, and Bertie had to wrestle with his conscience before he could justify himself in the subterfuge of learning to dance, in order to court Lou Henry, and warn off intruders at the college festivities. The Quaker conscience still exerts itself at times.

It wasn't a school engagement—in fact there wasn't an engagement at all. As soon as Herbert Hoover got a job, he wired for Lou to come on and yoke up in double harness. And she came.

They have roamed the world together, these two. The Orient and the Occident are an open book to Mrs. Hoover. She doesn't travel as a tourist following a guide book, content with the superficial, but delves deeply into the hearts of the peoples—their customs, habits, traditions. She doesn't need a Pullman for pleasure either. Few

women, or men, know the secrets of camping, traveling, and living in the open as she does, and her receptive mind is a storehouse rich in nature lore.

But these outdoor accomplishments have not hindered her indoor development, nor has the sunshine of prosperity freckled her soul. She has weathered social seasons in London, New York, Washington, and elsewhere, but she is quite as much at home in the jungle.

"If you want to conserve anything, page Herbert Hoover!" is the cry that so many raise.

That's quite right. But when you page Bertie, you always find his wife supporting his right flank, not in picturesque pose, but with her sleeves rolled up for the job.

Mr. Hoover is strong on coöperation. A lot of people think that his idea of coöperation means all getting together and doing what he wants.

Mrs. Hoover was with her husband through the stirring scenes in the Boxer rebellion, and he was never short of a reliable lieutenant.

I remember an incident she told me about this expedition. The Germans had stolen a calf. It happened to be this calf's mother on which the Hoover baby was dependent for milk. The cow,

with true maternal instinct, mourned its offspring. It was fretting. So the Hoovers sent word that the cow was distraught over the loss of the calf, and entreated its return. The Germans were apparently very much touched over the grief of the cow, and decided on a reunion of the unhappy bovine family. That night they came and took the cow.

Mrs. Hoover tried her hand at writing, but her most ambitious undertaking was the translation of an abstruse old book on mines and metallurgy, which had never been translated. She started it, but Bertie soon took a hand in it.

This was after the family had established themselves in London, at the Red House in Hornton Street. This was a rendezvous for all good Americans in London.

One night, I remember, she had invited a group of Americans to be her guests at the Rheingold Cycle of Operas, which began at four o'clock in the afternoon, with an hour's interval for dinner. Mrs. Hoover was there for the first act, and to see her guests to the dinner table at the Hotel Savoy; then she disappeared, to return at the rise of the curtain. Naturally, her guests were curious, but no one asked why. It was

Mary Austin, the novelist, who let the cat out of the bag. She couldn't resist the novelist's delight in telling a good story. Here was this well-dressed millionaire's wife slipping home between the acts of the opera. What for? To hear her children say their prayers.

Out of respect for her husband's Quaker taste, Mrs. Hoover dresses quietly. At that time she wore no jewels, but she finally appeared in some beautiful pearls. But she bars diamonds.

The Hoovers weren't particularly successful in a social way in London. Mr. Hoover thought London society snobbish, and his Quaker spirit rebelled at the formalities of dress and behavior. It was a long time before he would submit to the indignity of a silk hat, which, of course, is strictly prescribed for afternoon dress in London. He never lost the look of resentment at being thus crowned, and his hat seemed always at variance—it never looked at home on his head.

Herbert Hoover couldn't get over his American habit of putting his hands in his pockets and jingling whatever he found there, and all London can testify that those pockets were never empty.

Social success lies largely in choosing your guests. You can't mix pickles and pie. Mrs.

Hoover could always get interesting people to her dinners, but she had much sympathy for the forlorn and overlooked, who didn't know even the near-great. So she weighted her invitation list rather heavily with these. They liked meeting celebrities, but the distinguished guests weren't always so enthusiastic about the dull company. The Hoover dinners were often a dud.

It wasn't until the Belgian Relief brought out Mr. Hoover's real qualities that they got into London society. Even when the last slip rail was taken down in London, they found a fence across Park Avenue. There are so many people who would never be caught afoot south of Fifty-ninth Street, who went about inquiring, "Who are the Hoovers, anyway?"

The Hoovers have always fared well at the hands of the Fourth Estate. They actually treated newspaper men and women as if they were human. It wasn't meant as such, but it was like taking out an insurance policy. Whenever there was an attempt to throw mud at the Hoovers, through the press, a loyal battalion of newspaper men and women rose and defeated it. One group, jealous of the Hoover headlines, tried to discredit him. They had been associated with the Belgian Relief,

but a chain of newspaper men and women checked it.

The Hoovers might have done better for themselves socially if they had known how. But they were scared. Original ideas were suspected, and things unconventional were awfully dangerous. The courage of the outdoors didn't extend to social explorations. They were timid of the new. Even suffrage was not countenanced by Mrs. Hoover after Bertie had committed himself openly to the principle. In fact, when Anne Martin, an old college chum, joined Alice Paul's organization in Washington, it made a permanent breach between them. Later she could make up with the more conservative, but not rapidly enough to help Bertie's candidacy for President.

It seems funny now to recall how disconcerted Mrs. Hoover was when Mary Austin dedicated *A Woman of Genius* to her. In this novel an actress goes to Europe with a mining engineer, without being willing to marry him. Tut! tut! None of them, not even Mrs. Hoover, foresaw the flood of free speaking in American fiction. Mrs. Austin's book now seems almost Quakerishly conventional in view of present standards.

The two Hoover sons are following the outdoor

trail, and even in the midst of war-time activities, Saturday was for the boys and the wilds. And sometimes Bertie was dragged away from his desk to join in the expedition.

"She's better than most men in a camp, and she isn't afraid of things that crawl," was the tribute from one small son.

There has always been Hooverizing in the Hoover home, and it wasn't a war-time innovation. They all did it, Bertie, the Background, and the Boys.

BACK TO MAIN STREET

WHEN about a third of the House is defeated, it means a lot of new faces in Washington. But that is all, so far as the public is concerned. It is a very different proposition, however, with the men themselves, and there are a lot of weeping willows among the wives.

You can take it from me that the English language doesn't hold words superlative enough to describe the feelings with which Mrs. Mondell went back to Newcastle, Wyoming; nor those with which Mrs. Pitt Campbell hotfooted it for Pittsburg, Kansas, and the Copleys settled down to the social amenities of Aurora, Illinois.

Mrs. Frank Wheeler Mondell

The Mondells, Frank and Mrs. Frank, came to Washington more than a quarter of a century ago, and that is a long time to be away from Wyoming. I've serious doubts whether or not he could rope a steer; and I am certain she has forgotten how to make prairie butter.

Newcastle, Wyoming, is a little coal town in eastern Wyoming, and for the first two or three terms of office, Mrs. Mondell kept thinking it was still home. After that, it began to seep into her active mind that her real home should be Washington. So she came right on.

Soon Newcastle began to recede into the background, and Mrs. Mondell paid the proper calls and accepted invitations; and entertaining on a gradually increasing scale followed. The Mondells played the game according to the Congressional Hoyle, and were popular accordingly.

Every year the Eastern veneer grew a little thicker, and the pretty daughter is wholly an Eastern product. At the annual meeting of the Native Daughters of Wyoming, Miss Mondell simply doesn't belong.

But more fatal is the lorgnette habit—when constituents come to town—or the "Here's your hat, what's your hurry?" attitude.

Some constituents, of course, like to see their Representatives grazing in the best pastures, and it is a matter of pride that they are among the socially elect. It does the state proud, and reflects glory on the electors. But a lot of people don't like that kind of reflected glory.

Mrs. Philip Pitt Campbell

The defeat of Philip Pitt Campbell, Chairman of the Rules Committee, whose pocket vetoes put the finish on his political career—at least for the time—removes a picturesque figure. He was born in Nova Scotia, and claims descent from the great Pitt, Earl of Chatham, and Colin Campbell of "The Campbells Are Comin' " clan.

In his early youth, some one told him he looked like Bobby Burns, and ever since he has worn his little curl right in the middle of his forehead. It's not a curl, really, but a good old-time forelock.

Some other flatterer or job seeker told him that he looked like George Arliss' impersonation of Disraeli. He always looks convinced that the ladies find him irresistible—a pleasant delusion in many male minds. He always wears a stock, even in summer, and it makes him as conspicuous as the pillory did our undesirable ancestors. He speaks well, whether he has anything to say or not. He has a delightful family of a wife and three daughters, and they all burn incense before the head of the house.

Long years ago, when they came to Washington, Mrs. Campbell wanted a permanent home, so they bought a ramshackle old house in Virginia, and

renovated it into a charming residence. This ancestral home counted against them last election. Kansas is rigidly Republican in its traditions, and it didn't want a Congressman who had been converted into one of the Last Families of Virginia. Kansas found that the old song had been reversed. "The Campbells Weren't Comin'" as long as there was anywhere else to go.

So the Campbell constituents rose up and declared that the town wasn't named for him, and they proceeded to take the Pitt out of Pittsburg.

Mrs. Campbell may have dropped a tear or two in the Potomac, but no one was drowned in the flood. Philip Pitt Campbell could make a good living teaching husbands how to convince wives that they are perfect.

Miss Volstead

Probably Volstead, who is known as the "Sphinx", will miss getting on the front page, but nobody will know it. But his name will never be forgotten. The Wets and the Drys will both remember him; the one to revere, and the other to revile.

Miss Volstead didn't go in for social stunts. She browsed on law books, and has now hung out her

shingle. I don't think she will have long to wait for clients.

Mrs. Wells Goodykoontz

The Goodykoontzes hadn't been here very long, but long enough to acquire a taste for Washington fare. I don't think they were pining for the flesh-pots of Williamson, West Virginia. The Raleigh chicken à la king was good enough for them. Some of her friends say that Mrs. Goodykoontz would rather pour tea at a small function in Washington than be guest of honor at the biggest reception in Williamson.

Mrs. Edgar Clarence Ellis

There are the Ellises of Kansas City, Missouri. Not that they were so deeply rooted in Washington either. They were both mad about going back to the home town. I heard a man say one day:

"To hear Ellis talk, you'd think he had been on the Lafayette reception committee, and laid the corner stone of the Washington Monument."

He has had a sort of "In again, Finnegan; gone again, Lonergan", experience. He was in with Roosevelt, then out, then back on the Harding landslide, and now he is out again.

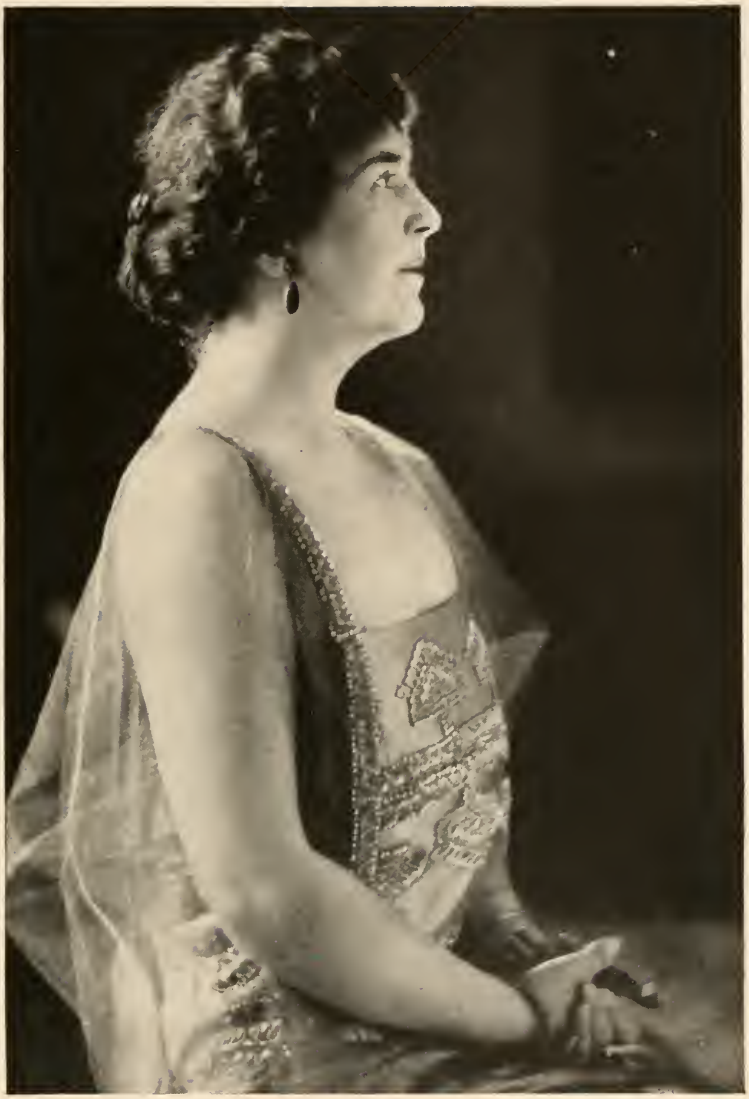
Mrs. Ellis made all the calls that anybody ever

made, and some that anybody who knows the ropes never thinks of making. She went everywhere, did everything, and was interested in all that was going on. If you like people, you say that that is merely doing the right thing. Those who are prejudiced, sniff and say that it is pushful. You know, you can't always please everybody.

Like so many others, the Ellises went home via the Panama Canal—official rates.

Mrs. William Wallace Chalmers

The Chalmerses of Ohio are different, at least she is. Mrs. Chalmers could skate scallops all round him. He is awfully courageous; or would we merely say that he would bluff on a two-spot? But whatever she undertakes she does better than lots of professionals. She can embroider, sew, write, but she doesn't take society as if it were the serious business of life. Between ourselves, I often wonder how she stands his attempts to be "the life of the party". At dances, with elephantine humor, he seems to think it witty to revert to pre-Civil War style, and call out "Swing the girl with the red dress on!" or "Sashay all!" or "Grand right and left!" and pay no attention to the whistle.



PRINCESS CANTACUZENE

Fancy, General Sherwood, who defeated him, is eighty-eight years old.

Defeat hit Chandler of New York. He has been one of the eligible old bachelors of Congress, and a rather conspicuous figure in various fields. He has written a two-volume treatise and lectured all over the country on "The Trial of Christ from a Lawyer's Standpoint".

The Y. M. C. A. sent him over to entertain the boys during the War. When he came back, he was wearing a decoration which he said came from the University of Bonn.

"How appropriate!" said one of his confrères. "He has a good education, speaks French like a native, but hasn't a lick of sense."

The Chandler specialty was flappers, and various managing mothers tried to land him. When Representative Dennison of Illinois bought a car, and rather cut in on the Chandler game, Chandler got a car, too, and broke all the traffic rules, and nearly broke his own neck. Then he got a chauffeur.

One day the wife of another Congressman was driving him and she asked, "Where to?"

With fatuous wit he replied, "Wherever you think I ought to go."

She took him out to St. Elizabeth's mental hospital.

Once, when the Princess Cantacuzene was invited to speak at the regular Sunday night entertainment in Congress Hall, Chandler asked her to be his guest at dinner. He had four other guests, another Congressman and his wife, a young girl to whom he was paying marked attention, and her father.

When dinner was served, he escorted the flapper, and left the Princess to follow. Fortunately, she was a homegrown princess. and survived the experience.

Most of the defeated Senators are rich enough to go where they please, but nine-tenths of the Congressmen will have to return to Main Street, unpaved, unsprinkled Main Street, looking as if it should be spelled without even a capital letter.